Reader's digest

APRIL 2015

35 Things HOMEOWNERS Need to Know

From **THE FAMILY HANDYMAN** ... 66

Miracles That Stunned Doctors
5 ORIGINAL TRUE STORIES ... 98

Quotable Clint Eastwood
FROM **TIME, ESQUIRE, AND MORE** ... 26

Geniuses Who Procrastinate
AN **RD ORIGINAL** ... 142

What Living in Paradise Taught Me
FROM **HUFFINGTONPOST.COM** ... 40

Man Punches Alligator
AN **RD ORIGINAL** ... 8

My Mother's Simple Birthday Wish
FROM **MEDIUM.COM** ... 88

Happiness: Not All It's Cracked Up to Be
FROM **THE ATLANTIC** ... 35

Give the Earth an Inch
FROM **SMITHSONIAN** ... 18

Teen Locked in a Collar Bomb!
AN **RD ORIGINAL** ... 80

Yes, You Really Chose the Slowest Line
FROM **WIRED.COM** ... 144

First Aid Mistakes
FROM **THE DOCTORS** ... 54

Removable bookmark brought to you by GEICO

Saving People Money Since 1936

... that's before there were TV Dinners.

GEICO has been serving up great car insurance and fantastic customer service for more than 75 years. Get a quote and see how much you could save today.

geico.com | 1-800-947-AUTO | Local office

GEICO.

Some discounts, coverages, payment plans and features are not available in all states or all GEICO companies. GEICO is a registered service mark of Government Employees Insurance Company, Washington, D.C. 20076; a Berkshire Hathaway Inc. subsidiary. © 2015 GEICO

Contents

APRIL 2015

Cover Story

66 35 THINGS EVERY HOMEOWNER MUST KNOW

FROM THE *FAMILY HANDYMAN* BOOK *100 THINGS EVERY HOMEOWNER MUST KNOW*

Drama in Real Life

80 COLLARED!

Click. An extortionist puts a bomb around a teen's neck ... SIMON BOUDA

Personal Essay

88 MY MOTHER'S SIMPLE BIRTHDAY WISH

We were shocked by what she *really* wanted. KELLY CORRIGAN

FROM MEDIUM.COM

Health

98 MIRACLES THAT STUNNED DOCTORS

Experts can't explain how these five folks survived. Here are their stories. GRETCHEN VOSS

First Person

106 A TABLE SET WITH KINDNESS

In a theater basement, I learned a lesson in generosity that I'll never forget. EMILY WINSLOW

FROM QUEST FOR KINDNESS

Book Bonus

110 A FURIOUS CLIMB

With braces on his legs, Bonner Paddock fueled his way up Mount Kilimanjaro with fire in his heart. WITH NEAL BASCOMB

FROM THE BOOK *ONE MORE STEP*

My Most Unforgettable Character

116 ARI & THE CELLO CHAIR

A chance encounter with a music teacher filled me with passion and purpose. ARI GOLDMAN

National Interest

120 CHILDREN OF THE FIELDS

Why are kids under 18 working on tobacco farms? They say the hazards are worth the risk to support their families.

ROBERT ANDREW POWELL

History

130 THE DAY THE ELEPHANTS DANCED

When a bridge is threatened, two tuskers do something amazing.

VICKI CONSTANTINE CROKE

P. | 110

DAVID PLUTH/NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC CREATIVE

Volume 185 | Issue 1109
APRIL 2015

4 Editor's Note
6 Letters

P. | 12

READER FAVORITES

16 Life in These United States
21 Faces of America
24 100-Word True Stories
32 Points to Ponder
50 All in a Day's Work
58 News from the World of Medicine
78 Laughter, the Best Medicine
96 Photo of Lasting Interest
128 Laugh Lines
134 That's Outrageous!
140 Look Twice
146 RD.com
147 Word Power
151 Humor in Uniform
152 Quotable Quotes

Everyday Heroes
8 **Man Punches Alligator, Saves Son**
MEERA JAGANNATHAN

11 **She Lifted a Car Off Her Dad** ALYSSA JUNG

VOICES & VIEWS

Department of Wit
12 **Keeping the Magic Alive**
One man's attempt to spice up his marriage. TIM DOWLING FROM THE BOOK *HOW TO BE A HUSBAND*

Words of Lasting Interest
18 **Give the Earth an Inch ...**
Germaine Greer takes hope from our planet's amazing ability to renew.
FROM *SMITHSONIAN*

Finish This Sentence
22 **What Was I Thinking When ...**

Choice Words
26 **Clint Eastwood**
A selection of quotes from the actor-director.

You Be the Judge
29 **The Case of the Unfriendly Skies**
Who's to blame when an obese passenger dies?
VICKI GLEMBOCKI

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE WACKSMAN

ADDITIONAL MEDIA IN OUR TABLET VERSIONS

P. | 52

ART OF LIVING

35 **Happiness: It's Not All It's Cracked Up to Be**
EMILY ESFAHANI SMITH
FROM THE *ATLANTIC*

Travel
40 **What Living in Paradise Taught Me**
AMANDA WALKINS
FROM HUFFINGTONPOST.COM

41 **Cookies at Gate A-4**
NAOMI SHIHAB NYE
FROM THE BOOK *HONEYBEE*

Family
42 **Walking Misty**
JILL SMOLOWE FROM THEBARK.COM

Food
44 **Put Some Super in Your Food**
MANDY OAKLANDER
FROM *PREVENTION*

Health
52 **Sniff to Heal**
KELSEY KLOSS

54 **7 Dangerous First Aid Mistakes**
THE PHYSICIANS OF *THE DOCTORS*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NICK FERRARI

WHO KNEW?

136 **13 Things Ancestry Trackers Won't Tell You**
MICHELLE CROUCH

138 **Art Where You'd Least Expect It**
BRANDON SPECKTOR

142 **5 Geniuses with Serious Procrastination Problems**
BRANDON SPECKTOR

144 **Yes, You Really Did Choose the Slowest Line**
ADAM MANN FROM WIRED.COM

PHOTOGRAPH BY ADAM VOORHES. PROP STYLIST: ROBIN FINLAY

P. | 35

Editor's Note

Tales of a Handy Husband

"GOTTA CALL THE PLUMBER," I say absently. The water keeps running after the toilet flushes. "Don't worry," says Steve. "I'll fix it myself."

My better half has many talents—parenting, photography, making pancakes in the shapes of animals. But handyman? I look at him. My mouth smiles, but my eyes dim with doubt, worry, mild fear.

For a few weeks, repairs appear to be happening. The lid to the commode remains askew, as if a worker has just stepped away for a coffee break. But at night, I hear it: water flowing ceaselessly. "Let's just call," I say.

"A plumber's gonna charge us $250 to replace a $10 part!"

"Yes, but he'll know which part to replace."

Steve looks hurt. "I got this, love."

If I don't believe in him, who will? I nod encouragingly.

Summer fades to fall. He fiddles, tries this and that. "Hey," I say, "do you know how many people have to walk miles for water of any kind? And we're letting perfectly good water run down our drain? It's time to call in an expert. Let's do it for the planet."

Instead, Steve teaches me to shut off the water source completely by turning a knob on the wall. We reach around, behind, and under the pedestal between flushes for months.

Then, new year, new strategy. Steve calls the manufacturer, and the representative suggests an often-needed replacement part. He runs to Home Depot.

"Fifteen bucks!" He is victorious, waving a bag.

"Right part, wrong size," he mumbles a few minutes later, running back out the door.

An hour later, we're high-fiving. He calls the children in to ooh and aah. I effuse.

"That toilet may have won some battles," says my husband. "But I won the war." R

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE VACCARIELLO; WARDROBE STYLIST: ELYSHA LENKIN

I invite you to e-mail me at **liz@rd.com** and follow me at **facebook.com/lizvaccariello** and **@LizVacc** on Twitter.

ARE YOUR JOINTS READY FOR ACTION?

AMERICA'S #1 JOINT HEALTH BRAND[2]

Joint Shield™

Take Osteo Bi-Flex.® It's specially formulated with ***Joint Shield,™*** an herbal ingredient that helps with occasional joint flare-ups.*

Find it in the vitamin aisle. Learn more @ OsteoBiFlex.com

Individual results may vary.
△Refers to level of key ingredients in each individual tablet.
5-LOXIN® ADVANCED is a trademark of PL Thomas - Laila Nutra, LLC. U.S. Patent #8,551,496 and patents pending.

*These statements have not been evaluated by the Food and Drug Administration. This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure or prevent any disease.

[1]Based on Pharmacy Times Survey among pharmacists who recommend a "bone/joint strengthener" dietary supplement, 2014-2015.
[2]Nielsen Scantrack XAOC Dollar Sales 52 week December 27, 2014.

©2015 Rexall Sundown, Inc. 15-OB-1018-mva

#1 Pharmacist Recommended Brand[1]

#ReadyForAction

Letters

COMMENTS ON THE FEBRUARY ISSUE

Dear America: Our Troops Have Something to Say

The personal stories of our military men and women made me proud to be one of them. It took courage to write about some of these events.

FORMER AIR FORCE SGT. HORST ARMBRUST, *Pueblo, Colorado*

My eyes keep going back to the photo of Army Sgt. First Class Sheila White's family. The strength, the need, the love. It's all there.

JULIE THOMAS, *Hampton Cove, Alabama*

Regarding serviceman Michael Langley: The Marine Corps doesn't have a senior chief hospital corpsman. The Navy has a senior chief hospital corpsman [that it provides to the Marines]. I'm sure that the Marines would be proud to have him in its ranks. But I'm also sure that Chief Langley would like to be identified with his military service.

RET. MARINE COL. J. E. VESELY, *Morristown, Tennessee*

CORRECTION: *Michael Langley was mistakenly identified as a retired Marine. Before retiring as a Navy corpsman, he had been assigned to the Marine Corps.*

Why I Wear Two Wedding Bands

I was drawn to this article because I, too, have worn two wedding rings since 1984—mine and my mom's. When she died, I wanted a physical way to be reminded of her every day, so I placed her gold band on my right hand. Touching her ring reminds me that she is with me in spirit.

VALERIE GOLEMBIEWSKI, *Tucson, Arizona*

Dad Has Something to Say

I laughed until I cried. My call was from Mom when I was at work in a grocery-store deli. She needed to know right then whether I cared if she and Dad traded in their burial plot for a space in a mausoleum.

CAROLINE DUXBURY, *New Kensington, Pennsylvania*

For the Love of a Horse

Thank you for this wonderful story about Jo Anne Normile's efforts to raise awareness and rescue horses from abuse and slaughter. There are positive and respectful alternatives to slaughter. Those who profit from this unnecessary cruelty must be stopped.

BONNIE NICKLE, *West Chester, Pennsylvania*

The Children Who've Lived Before

I believe in reincarnation and that déjà vu is linked to it. How many times have you met someone, only to feel like you've known him or her before?

M. S., *via e-mail*

I was left shaking my head at the idea that "reincarnation's appeal has to do with its hopeful underlying promise" and that "the universe takes on a merciful hue." Most believers in reincarnation—like me, a Buddhist—see it as a hard spiritual evolution, a required cycle to grow and internalize life lessons we didn't learn this time around.

LYNETTE COMBS, *Norfolk, Virginia*

3 Survival Tools Hiding in Your House

Burning a candle in a closed-up automobile can use up oxygen very quickly, possibly causing suffocation. Always have a window open a bit.

BRAD BIGELOW, *Rockport, Massachusetts*

SHARE YOUR STORIES OF KINDNESS

June King of Norwalk, Connecticut, was having trouble parking at a farmers' market until, she told us in a letter, "a gentleman who was driving by stopped and offered to park my car for me. He then got out my walker and helped me shop. Afterward, he escorted me back to my car, made sure I was safely inside, and then left. Apparently, the only reason he had stopped was to help me."

Have you seen an act of kindness? Was it heartfelt, surprising, funny? Tell us, and we'll pay you $100 if we publish your story in the magazine. Go to rd.com/kindness for details.

Send letters to letters@rd.com or Letters, Reader's Digest, PO Box 6100, Harlan, Iowa 51593-1600. Include your full name, address, e-mail, and daytime phone number. We may edit letters and use them in all print and electronic media. **Contribute** Send us your 100-word true stories, jokes, and funny quotes, and if we publish one in a print edition of *Reader's Digest*, we'll pay you $100. To submit your 100-word stories, visit rd.com/stories. To submit humor items, visit rd.com/submit, or write to us at Jokes, Box 6226, Harlan, Iowa 51593-1726. Please include your full name and address in your entry. We regret that we cannot acknowledge or return unsolicited work. **Do Business** Subscriptions, renewals, gifts, address changes, payments, account information, and inquiries: Visit rd.com/help, call 877-732-4438, or write to us at Reader's Digest, PO Box 6095, Harlan, Iowa 51593-1595.

EVERYDAY HEROES

With fearless determination, Joe Welch warded off a vicious reptile

Man Punches Alligator, Saves Son

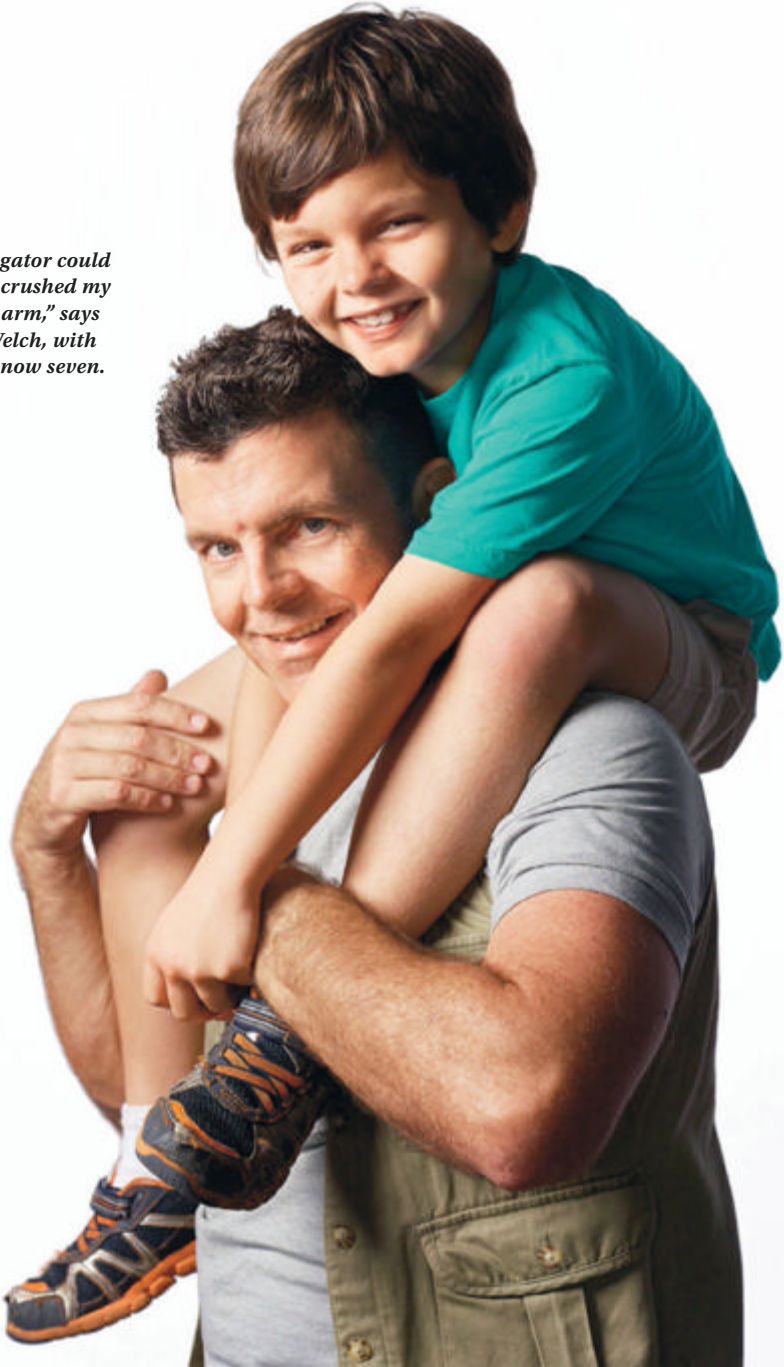
BY MEERA JAGANNATHAN

ON AN OVERCAST spring day in 2013, Joe Welch, a commercial photographer, and his son, Joey, were polishing off sandwiches at a wildlife refuge in Florida's Everglades. Joey, who was six at the time, had the day off from school, and Joe, 50, planned for the two of them to spend the day canoeing in the huge swamp, a 45-minute drive from their Pompano Beach home. Joe had never before ventured into the muddy waters, which were famous for alligators. He had researched what to do if they encountered one—just in case. (Bang a paddle against the boat to scare them off, he'd read.)

Welch slathered his son with sunscreen and turned to scan the canoe rental waiver at the concession-stand counter, less than 20 feet from the water's edge. Seconds later, he heard a splash and a scream.

Joey had slipped on snake-grass at the edge of the water and fallen in face-first. When Joe whipped around, he saw his son's right arm in the ➳

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFERY SALTER



"The gator could have crushed my son's arm," says Joe Welch, with Joey, now seven.

jaws of an alligator he estimated to be at least eight feet long and close to 200 pounds.

Time seemed to stop as Joe ran toward his son and into the water, which was almost three feet deep. As Joey thrashed and screamed, Joe wrapped his left arm across the boy's chest and began pulling him back toward the bank. With his right hand, Joe struck the alligator's snout as hard as he could. But it was like punching bricks. "It didn't even flinch," he says.

A young man in line at the concession stand ran over, screaming at Joe to pull his son out of the water. But Joe feared what would happen to Joey's arm if he pulled too hard. "I didn't want to get in a tug-of-war with an alligator," he says. He guided Joey up the embankment, dragging the gator along with him.

While Joe dealt blows to the beast's head, the other man kicked its belly. After three or four kicks, the gator released its grip on Joey and slithered back into the water. Joe picked up his son and found that he'd suffered only a few cuts and scrapes from his shoulder blade to his wrist—surprisingly there were no puncture wounds. Joe thanked the stranger and sped home. Doctors at a nearby hospital determined that Joey was OK, though Joe had mildly sprained his hand.

Meanwhile, the alligator was captured in the swamp and killed, in accordance with Florida Fish & Wildlife Conservation Commission regulations.

Joe has tried to locate the Good Samaritan who helped save his son, but he has learned through inquiries at the wildlife refuge and the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service only that the man was a kickboxer from Spain who had been in the country visiting family. "He's like an angel," Joe says.

His son's resilience has amazed Joe. A week after the accident, the child went with his class on a field trip to a wildlife sanctuary. His teacher, who watched him closely at the alligator exhibit, told Joe his son acted like any other little boy.

"Because of my dad, I feel less and less afraid of alligators," says Joey. "He's like my bodyguard." R

READER HERO

A STRANGER'S COMPASSION

Thousands of people poured out of the gates after a night of music at Milwaukee's Summerfest last year, and I was struggling to navigate the throngs in my wheelchair. A young man noticed my distress and left his group of friends to help me. He created a human shield and led me to safety. His thoughtfulness floored me. **SARAH MUELLER,** *Nashville, Tennessee*

To nominate your hero, e-mail the details and your name and location to heroes@rd.com.

She Lifted a Car Off Her Dad

BY ALYSSA JUNG

NEARLY TWO YEARS ago, Lauren Kornacki, a recent college graduate, walked outside her family's home in Glen Allen, Virginia, to ask her dad if she could borrow his car. As she rounded the corner from the front yard into the garage, Lauren, then 23, saw her father, Alec, lying unconscious, pinned on his back beneath the 1995 BMW. The car had fallen off the jack while he was changing the brake pads on the right rear tire.

Lauren yelled inside to her mother to call 911, then ran to the car. "I thought, I'm going to lose my dad," she says. Unsure of what to do, she spontaneously stuck both hands under the wheel hub where Alec had removed the tire and pulled up with all her strength. To her surprise, she lifted the car. Then she held it up with one arm and, with the other, pulled her father out from under the car by his pants leg.

Alec wasn't breathing, so Lauren, a lifeguard certified in CPR, began performing chest compressions. Within seconds, Alec took a breath and opened his eyes.

"Stay with me," Lauren whispered as they waited for the ambulance. "Just keep breathing."

COURTESY LAUREN KORNACKI

"My dad means everything to me," says Lauren Kornacki.

Doctors treated Alec for five fractured ribs, a fractured sternum, and fractured vertebrae, but he was able to return to his job as an IT professional two months later.

Lauren, now a computer engineer, says she didn't stop to think. "Everyone has a basic instinct to help the ones they love," she says. R

Department of Wit

Keeping The Magic Alive

BY TIM DOWLING
FROM *HOW TO BE A HUSBAND*

TIM DOWLING ***is an American journalist for the British newspaper the*** **Guardian.**

MY WIFE AND I do not say "I love you" to each other every day or even once a month. I don't begrudge couples who do, but I personally believe there are lots of ways to express one's feelings that don't rely on those three words uttered in that exact order on a regular basis. It's perfectly possible to replicate the gist of a commonplace exchange like "I love you" and "I love you too" using slightly different language. In our house, for example, we prefer "You'll be sorry when I'm dead" and "I know."

Unfortunately, nothing I have read about maintaining a happy, healthy relationship supports my position. All the tips I've absorbed over the years have stressed the importance of making an effort, of saying the actual words out loud and forcing oneself beyond the embarrassment that comes with doing anything out of the ordinary for the first time.

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE WACKSMAN

It's invariably presented as difficult and time-consuming work.

But I want love to be easy, and for that reason, I am susceptible to any method that sounds as if it might constitute a shortcut. This was what first attracted me to a newspaper article suggesting that four hugs a day is the secret to a happy marriage.

"Four hugs a day," I say as my wife tries to squirm her way out of hug one. "I think it's the way forward."

My approach for hug two, just before lunch, is from the front—moving in slowly, arms low, palms showing, approximately the technique you would use to take a picnic basket away from a bear.

"Thank you," says my wife, petrifying under my touch. She doesn't seem to be responding positively to the treatment, but that's OK. One of my favorite aspects of the quick-fix prescription is the total lack of nuance, subtlety, or follow-up. The newspaper article doesn't suggest alterations to the technique in the event of a poor outcome. It just says "four hugs." I find I'm even beginning to enjoy her irritation a little. It doesn't matter whether she likes it or not. I win either way.

"Already?" she says when I move in for hug three at about sunset.

"No one said this was going to be easy," I say.

When it comes time for hug four, she is nowhere to be found. I know she's home—the car is out front—but eventually I give up looking.

A week or so later, I read about something called whisper therapy. Apparently it involves a lot of eye contact and the regular whispering of certain positive sentiments to each other. It sounds incredibly irksome, and for that reason, I can't wait to try it.

> ***Whisper therapy sounds very irksome, and for that reason, I can't wait to try it.***

Things get off to a bad start. When I steal up behind my wife and whisper, "You are special," in her ear, she hits me over the head with the hairbrush she is holding.

Over the next few days, she grows eerily patient with my habit of leaning in at odd moments to whisper things like "Nice shoes," "You're magic," and "Kind to animals." I think she is in denial about the therapy's awesome power to annoy.

When it's apparent that this is going nowhere, my wife and I enter a phase where we periodically jab each other in the neck with two fingers, accompanying each strike with a short, sharp hiss. We learned the technique from watching *Dog Whisperer,* and it began as an efficient,

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE MCKENDRY (DOWLING)

no-nonsense way to clear people from your personal space or get their attention if they seemed not to be listening.

But over time, it became a mildly painful form of affection, and then, thankfully, it got old.

At the peak of the publicity surrounding the 5:2 Diet—the one where you fast for two days a week and do what you like the other five—we try the same on-again, off-again formula within our marriage. My wife, a devotee of the 5:2 Diet, is intrigued by the prospect of being married to me only two days out of seven, until I explain that it's not how it works—for two days a week, we will be extra-married. On those two days a week, in between texts that read "Pick up booze" and "What printer cartridge do I need?" I would slip in a few romantic notes, like "I appreciate everything you do." I know that's not terribly good, but it's actually my first go at being amorous.

More recently, I came across a range of intimacy exercises so powerful, they are said to be able to make strangers fall in love.

Once again, I zero in on the easiest of the lot: a few minutes spent facing your partner, with your flat, extended palms as close together as possible without touching each other. The power of this exercise is undeniable—my wife can stand it for only a few seconds without shuddering with something that looks, to the untrained eye, like revulsion. Such is its power to annoy that for two weeks, I insist on having a go every time we cross paths.

If marriage teaches you anything, it's that there is value in the occasional lame gesture and half-assed experiment. It shows you're trying. R

HOW TO BE A HUSBAND BY TIM DOWLING, COPYRIGHT © 2015 BY TIM DOWLING, IS PUBLISHED BY BLUE RIDER PRESS, A MEMBER OF PENGUIN GROUP (USA) LLC, PENGUIN.COM.

ZEN KOANS FOR THE INTERNET AGE

- If an anonymous comment goes unread, is it still irritating?
- What is the sound of no hands texting?
- If nobody likes your selfie, what is the value of the self?
- To see a man's true face, look to the photos he hasn't posted.

BRANDON SPECKTOR

We have a winner!

In a clinical study, people prefer Nasacort® over Flonase®.*

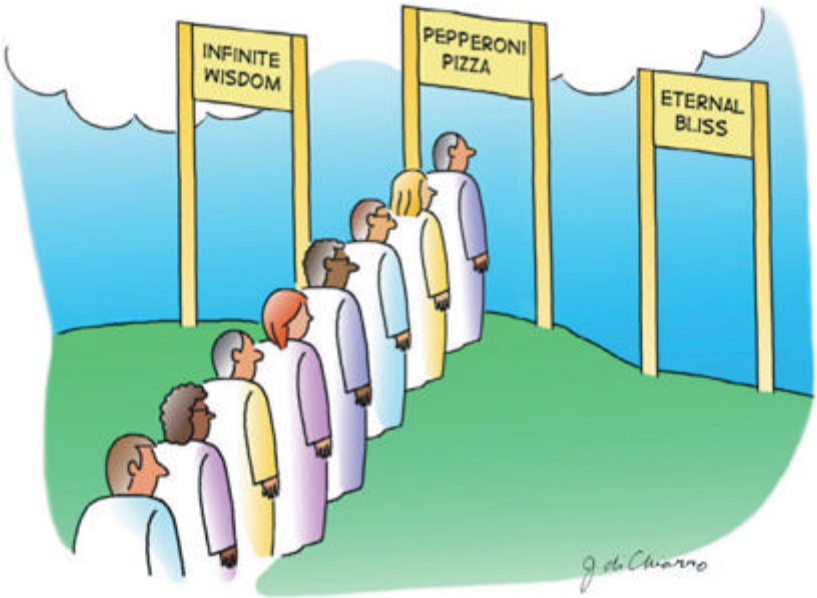
Nasacort is the #1 pharmacist recommended OTC nasal allergy spray**.
It relieves your worst nasal allergy symptoms, even congestion, for 24 hours.
Experience the difference for yourself.

	NASACORT®	FLONASE®
Full Rx Strength	✔	✔
Scent-Free	✔	
Alcohol-Free	✔	

©2015 Chattem, Inc. Use only as directed. Flonase is a registered trademark of the GSK group of companies.
*Data on file **Among branded nasal allergy sprays. Source: Pharm/alert® Research, November, 2014.

Life

IN THESE UNITED STATES



HANGING UP with my 90-year-old mother, I sighed, then said to my 96-year-old uncle, "She's so stubborn."

He shook his head sympathetically and warned, "You're going to have trouble with her when she gets old."

ANGIE KIEM, *Irwin, Iowa*

A FRIEND KNEW that she'd overdone it with the gifts and candy last Easter when her six-year-old woke up to all the booty and shouted, "This is the best Christmas ever!"

CHRIS MCDONOUGH, *Wilmington, Delaware*

AFTER FINISHING our Chinese food, my husband and I cracked open our fortune cookies. Mine read, "Be quiet for a little while." His read, "Talk while you have a chance."

CAROL BURKS, *Providence, Rhode Island*

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE DICHIARRO

MY TEN-MONTH-OLD was sitting in her high chair, twisting and moving all over the place. My wife said to me, "Straighten her up."

I looked at my daughter and said, "What are you doing with your life? Do you want to be this way forever? It's time to grow up."

My wife hasn't asked me to do anything since.

@TRMILLER1326, from reddit.com

MAPQUEST really needs to start its directions on number five. Pretty sure I know how to get out of my neighborhood. **AARON KARO,** from ruminations.com

SCENE: My cousin Matt and his daughter at Chick-fil-A.
Matt: Can I please get a four-piece kids' meal with white milk. [*Pause*] Oh, and gimme an extra white milk.
Clerk: Um ... We only have one kind of milk, and it's pretty white.

PAUL SILVERMAN, *Mohegan Lake, New York*

AS IF THE declining health of my grandmother weren't enough, my parents suddenly had to contend with an ant infestation. So I was glad to get a text from Mom updating me: "Exterminator was here; thinks she got the nest behind the microwave. She sprayed, and hundreds came out—dead and woozy. Grandma Marie the same."

JENNIFER SHAFER, *Durham, North Carolina*

MY FIANCÉ AND I went to a counselor to work on our communication issues. Using herself as an example, the counselor crossed her legs and her arms and exhaled loudly. I was about to say she was showing signs of frustration, but my fiancé beat me to it, yelling, "I've got it! You're constipated!"

TRACY VANCE, *Ocala, Florida*

Have you spotted a funny classified ad or news blooper? It could be worth $100. Go to rd.com/submit for details.

I'LL MEET YOU AT BURGER QUEEN

Good news! Thanks to these cheap knockoffs, you can travel overseas and still enjoy a slice of Americana.

From *The Mad World of Sign Language* (Aurum Press)

FIRST PUBLISHED IN 2014 BY AURUM PRESS LIMITED, COPYRIGHT © 2014 TELEGRAPH MEDIA GROUP

Germaine Greer considers all manner of life and takes hope from its amazing ability to renew

Give the Earth An Inch ...

FROM *SMITHSONIAN*

GERMAINE GREER ***is an academic, a theorist, and a journalist. Her 2013 book*** **White Beech** ***is an account of her work to rehabilitate a piece of Australia's rain forest.***

ONCE GREAT WRONGS ARE DONE, it's rarely possible to undo them. Earth, the most exuberant planet known to exist in any galaxy, carries great wounds upon its lovely face: denuded hills; fertile farmlands being washed into the sea or turned to dust; treasure-houses of biodiversity annihilated; air, land, and water poisoned. It seems that nobody knows how to reverse any of it.

And yet, in the cracks between the pavement of the expanding cities, seedlings of long-gone forest giants continue to emerge. Earth keeps on trying to renew itself, after radioactive leak, after nuclear explosion, after earthquake and eruption, after flood and tsunami. The planet's powers of recuperation and restoration are almost unbelievable. Give it an inch, and it will give you a mile.

Field flowers no longer grow amid the crops in England's fields, but once the backhoes are withdrawn from roadwork sites, poppies spring from the disturbed ground. The seed they have grown from blew off the fields maybe a generation ago and has lain in the soil ever since, waiting for someone or something to break the sod. Year after year, the poppies keep turning up, every time bringing their promise of resurrection.

The dead hedgehog on the road cannot be brought back to life, but creating habitats for hedgehogs will give other

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE MCKENDRY

hedgehogs a better chance of breeding successfully so that numbers can build up again. In suburban gardens across England, people are making tunnels under their fences so that hedgehogs can travel without having to cross roads so often. It doesn't take much and costs nothing, but it puts the householder on the side of Earth, which is the hedgehogs' home as much as it is ours.

The swallows that have nested at my place in Essex ever since I have didn't turn up one year. Or the next. Ten springs passed, and I thought they couldn't possibly remember the barn where they had built their mud nests so many years before. I stopped scanning the sky for them. I was working in the greenhouse one day when I heard their call and ran out to see. They were flying in and out of the little entrance I had cut out of the barn door for them, for all the world as if they had never been away. And they have come back every year since. They, too, tell me that everything is not lost.

The lower orders, as we unjustly call them, have enormous potential for replenishment because they reproduce in huge numbers. A

PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSS AND REYN

butterfly that this year seems extinct may turn up in clouds next year, given a different weather pattern. This is a massive reversal of fortunes, but the butterfly is born to it.

Insects are the virtuosos of reversal because metamorphosis is their specialty. They begin as earthbound larvae that do nothing but eat and are as likely to end up as winged creatures that seldom eat. Even the humble cockroach can have several nymphal stages; rain forest cockroach nymphs can be spectacular. Even our exhausted honeybees might be capable of coming back from the brink if we improved their genetic diversity.

> ***The further down we go, the more transformational the powers of the creatures we meet.***

The further down we go, the more transformational the powers of the creatures we meet, until we arrive at the viruses that can change themselves faster than we can find ways of dealing with them. We imagine ourselves to be at war with such creatures, when they are our cousins and we need them on our side. If we colonize Mars, we will need to take some of them with us.

In 2001, I went back to my birthplace, Australia, to find a piece of land that I could fix. In the past hundred years, a patch of subtropical rain forest in southeast Queensland had been logged, burned, cleared, plowed, grazed, and sprayed with Agent Orange. Yet when I saw it, I knew that it could rebuild itself. All I had to do was to remove the obstacles that prevented its coming back into its own: the cattle and the invasive weeds, most of them garden escapees, and deliberately introduced pasture grasses.

There was enough seed in the canopy to revegetate much more than a mere 150 acres; most of it carried larval infestation, which meant that the pollinators the trees required would be regenerated along with them. No sooner did the numbers of fruiting trees build up than the bats turned up, a dozen species of them. The bird species multiplied, including some thought to be on the verge of extinction. And the invertebrate population exploded.

The reversal of the forest's devastation may seem slow; it's taken 14 years so far, but for at least five of those, my wonderful workforce and I were learning what to do (and what not to do). It has now gathered speed, and soon there will be nothing but maintenance left to do. The whole process has taken less than an instant of evolutionary time. R

COPYRIGHT © 2014 BY GERMAINE GREER. *SMITHSONIAN* (MAY 2014), SI.EDU.

FACES
OF AMERICA

BY GLENN GLASSER

Laurie Macha

SUPERVISOR OF PENGUINS AND PINNIPEDS, MYSTIC AQUARIUM
MYSTIC, CONNECTICUT

"I like to start some of our talks with kids by asking, 'How many penguins does a polar bear eat in a single day?' You get, 'Fifty!' 'A hundred!' And sometimes you get really smart kids who know that polar bears are found in the north, while penguins are in the south."

What was

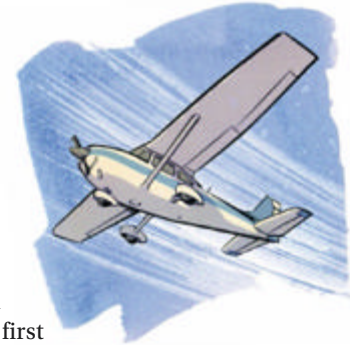
Go to facebook.com/readersdigest for the chance to finish the next sentence.

I thinking when...

Your True Stories

IN 100 WORDS

FIRST IN FLIGHT



The little Cessna had just cleared the pattern in its climb to 1,500 feet when my father said, "OK, we can land now." With my newly minted private pilot's license in hand, I had wanted him to be my first non-instructor passenger. I'd planned to circle the Michigan State University campus and come back to the university-owned airport. I reminded him of this, and I'll never forget what Dad said, more than 40 years ago: "I'm not fond of small planes. I just wanted you to know that I have confidence in you."

KAY LOCKRIDGE, *Santa Fe, New Mexico*

MIND THE WEB

One morning, I walked down the path to my car and right into a huge spiderweb that had appeared overnight. I felt foolish for not having seen it, rid myself of the web tendrils, and went on my way. The next morning, the very same scenario occurred, and I felt even more foolish. On the third day, I was careful to look for the web—the spider had rewoven it, but this time off the path in the bushes. How humbling to realize that the spider and I had learned the exact same lesson in the same amount of time.

JERROLD SCHWARTZ, *Pompano Beach, Florida*

CROSSING OVER

Geriatric intensive care unit—heart failure. I watch my mother's labored breathing as she holds on, mouth grim, trapped in a lifetime of memories. I wait, knowing the cycle is near completion. "Go in peace," I say. In another hospital ward, a new phase of my life awaits. Neonatal intensive care unit—meconium aspiration. I welcome the sight of the mechanical ventilator, knowing it's easing the newborn's distress. Soon, my granddaughter's bad start will be a mere memory. "Welcome, little Olivia," I whisper.

BELINDA NICOLL, *Westerville, Ohio*

To read more 100-word stories and to submit your own, go to rd.com/stories. If your story is selected for publication in the magazine, we'll pay you $100.

ILLUSTRATION BY KAGAN MCLEOD

We have your cravings covered.

Want to indulge your cravings and still lose weight? Atkins — the low carb leader — has you covered. And now Atkins lets you eat more variety than ever. Can you eat all these foods and still lose weight? **With Atkins — now you can!**

Enjoy Atkins Pizza and Candies today!

Get Your Buy One Get One Free Coupon

Buy one box of Atkins Bars or Candies, get one Atkins Frozen Meal free! Includes a free Quick-Start Kit.

Go to Atkins.com/eatright

ATKINS
NOW YOU CAN

No obligation. Limited-time offer. Offer may be modified or withdrawn any time without notice. Limit one kit per household per year.

Clint Eastwood

A selection of quotes from the actor and director

We drove around in an old Pontiac ... towing a one-wheel trailer. We weren't itinerant: It wasn't *The Grapes of Wrath,* but it wasn't uptown either. It gives you a sort of conservative background, being raised in an era when everything was scarce. Source: *Rolling Stone*

The whole romance of [Dirty Harry] is the fact that he's a guy who hates bureaucracy. Well, who doesn't hate bureaucracy? ... You go to the [DMV and] fill out form after form ... That's part of the bureaucratic nightmare that mankind has made. Source: *Psychology Today*

I was telling stories on the piano long before I ever directed a movie ... I like the image of the piano player: The piano player sits down, plays, tells his story, and then gets up and leaves, letting the music speak for itself.

Source: snappermusic.com

This picture [*American Sniper*] was interesting because I'm seeing it from the point of a person who was

I'm Joe Citizen. I'm a moviemaker, but I have the same feelings as the average guy out there.

Source: *Carmel Pinecone*

sort of an American hero ... His family and his beliefs were very strong ... You have to embrace his philosophy if you're going to tell a story about him. Source: *Toronto Star*

There's a rebel lying deep in my soul. Anytime anybody tells me the trend is such and such, I go the opposite direction. I hate the idea of trends. I hate imitation; I have a reverence for individuality.

Source: *Wild Open Spaces*

When [my old films are on TV] ... I slide slowly under the table in embarrassment. I cringe at having these huge heads of hair, big sideburns, and wearing some terrible bell-bottom pants.

Source: *Woman and Home*

Extremism is so easy. You've got your position, and that's it. It doesn't take much thought. And when you go far enough to the right, you meet the same idiots coming around from the left. Source: *Time*

Man becomes his most creative during war. Look at the amount of weaponry that was made in four short years of World War II ... But that's kind of a sad statement on mankind. Source: *Wall Street Journal*

My father died very suddenly at 63 ... For a long time afterward, I'd ask myself, Why didn't I ask him to play golf more? Why didn't I spend more time with him? ... There's nothing you can do about it. So you just forge on. Source: *Esquire*

It's too late for vanity. If I was 30, maybe, I'd say, "Hey, that's not a good angle." But there is no good angle now. Source: the *Guardian* (U.K.)

The stronger the participation of the female characters, the better the movie. They knew that in the old days, when women stars were equally as important as men. Hepburn, Davis, Colbert: They had great faces and great voices. Source: rogerebert.com

I've always felt that if I examine myself too much, I'll find out what I know and don't know, and I'll burst the bubble. I've gotten so lucky relying on my animal instincts, I'd rather keep a little bit of the animal alive. R

Source: *Esquire*

SOURCE PHOTO: GILBERT CARRASQUILLO/GETTY IMAGES

ILLUSTRATION BY TRACY TURNBULL

ADVERTISEMENT

Reader's digest

2014 Zoom Room Makeover Winners!

ZOOM interiors helped transform an 80's bachelor pad into an inviting space perfect for hosting dinner parties

Mike and Deanne

Before

After

Statement wallpaper turns this wall into a focal point. Gold leaf wall sconces add dimension and ambiance to the flood of natural light from the skylight.

ZOOM Interiors:
Worked side-by-side with the winning homeowners, Mike and Deanne, to design, plan and transition the space to match their style of "traditional bones with eclectic touches."

The Solution:
ZOOM interiors paired a traditional, dark stain wood table with two different chair designs, gold accents and custom ZOOM artwork, adding a pop of color to a neutral palette.

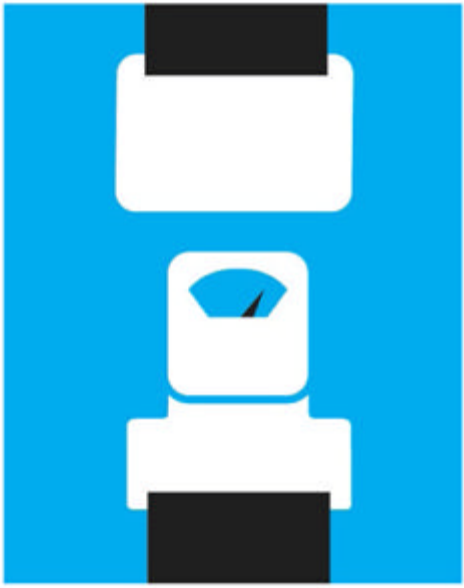
sponsored by:

HOME & FAMILY
Weekdays 10a/9c

Hallmark CHANNEL
The Heart of TV

ZOOM INTERIORS

PROGRESSIVE



Who's to blame when an obese passenger dies after she tries to fly?

The Case Of the Unfriendly Skies

BY VICKI GLEMBOCKI

ON SEPTEMBER 17, 2012, Bronx, New York, couple Janos and Vilma Soltesz flew from New York City to Budapest, Hungary, where they spent the next several weeks at their vacation home in Veszprém. It wasn't easy for Vilma to travel—she weighed more than 400 pounds, and her left leg had been amputated above the knee. She'd purchased two seats for herself and informed the airline, Lufthansa, of her condition in advance, since she required a special lift to get into the cabin.

When the couple, both in their mid-50s, boarded their return flight via KLM airlines on October 15, they discovered that the backs of two seats in Vilma's row were broken, and she couldn't maneuver into her spot. Employees did not offer different seats but instead spoke to the captain, who told the Solteszes that they had to get off the plane.

The couple waited in the airport for five hours. The delay was worrisome to them—Vilma had been feeling ill since October 2, and her physician in New York wanted to examine her as soon as they returned. Finally, the airline informed them that they'd be flying out on Delta, KLM's partner, the following day from Prague, in the Czech Republic, a four-hour drive away. KLM assured Janos that Delta had been made ➳

ILLUSTRATION BY NOMA BAR

aware of the assistance that Vilma would need to board the plane there.

The next day, the couple drove to the Prague airport, but when they tried to board the plane, they realized that Delta didn't have an adequate wheelchair or lift to aid Vilma. The couple drove four hours back to their vacation home and called their travel agent, who booked three seats on a Lufthansa flight from Prague to New York on October 22. With help from Lufthansa medics and local firefighters, Vilma was nearly seated on the plane when the captain emerged from the cockpit and told the couple to disembark, claiming that Vilma was delaying other passengers. It took 30 minutes to get Vilma off the plane. The Solteszes returned again to their vacation home. Two days later, Janos found his wife dead in her bed.

In January 2013, Janos sued the three airlines for $6 million, claiming "wrongful death." Lufthansa's attorney, Michael Holland, sent a letter to the New York district court judge in February, asking to dismiss the case, since it didn't qualify as an accident under the Montreal Convention, a 1999 international treaty that governs airline liability. According to the treaty, which has been clarified by the Supreme Court, a passenger can recover damages only if the injuries were caused by "an unexpected or unusual event ... external to the passenger." Holland claimed that the accident wasn't "external," because the "[d]ecedent's own health condition rendered her unable to travel safely."

Were the airlines liable for the death of Vilma Soltesz? You be the judge.

THE VERDICT

In a March 2013 letter to the judge, Janos's attorney, Holly Ostrov Ronai, disagreed with Holland, arguing that despite being informed in advance of Vilma's condition, the airlines not only failed to have the proper equipment available but also "caused Ms. Soltesz to repeatedly board [and] disembark, travel from airline to airline, travel to another airport, and even travel to another country, which caused her medical condition to worsen." The judge agreed, and the case never made it to court. In August 2013, the airlines settled for an undisclosed amount. "It's quite sad," says Ronai. "They wanted to get home. They just wanted to get home."

Agree? Disagree? Sound off at rd.com/judge.

Memorable Moments

"SERVICE WITH A SMILE"

We posted this photo of an old-time service station on Facebook, and it inspired a trove of fond recollections from readers.

MY FIRST CAR was a '57 Chevy four-door. I bought it myself for $100. The very first time I went to get gas, I couldn't find the tank. The serviceman came out and showed me that it was in the fin! That was 1973 for you.

CAROLANN ELLMORE

THE MAN IN this photo reminds me of Rudy Freid at the Union 76 station in our very small town of Solon Springs, Wisconsin. He lived in the back of his station behind a curtain. I still remember the smell of oil when going inside, the wood floors, the old wooden captain's chairs for those who wanted to sit and visit awhile. Everyone loved Rudy. **JEAN BRADFORD**

MY DAD OWNED a Mobil station back in the early '50s. He took great pride in caring for his customers. He washed windshields, checked tires and oil, and always wore a smile on his face. My mother washed, starched,

and ironed his uniforms, but by the end of the day, they were stained, and he smelled of grease and dirt. In those days, hard work was the norm. Many couldn't pay, and times were hard. Daddy would just let them "put it on their bill" till they could pay him back.

SUE MOORE CARPENTER

H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS/GETTY IMAGES

Produced with our sister publication *Reminisce*, a nostalgia magazine packed with readers' true stories from the '40s, '50s, '60s, and '70s. To join the conversation or subscribe, go to reminisce.com. Want to share your Memorable Moment? Send photos to submissions@reminisce.com.

Points to Ponder

I ENJOY and am enjoying the good things that come along with [aging] ... Nobody can buy experience. Nobody can buy wisdom. Nobody can buy a shared history with others that you get by being relevant and engaged year upon year upon year.

ROB LOWE,
actor, on esquire.com

THE PRICE OF GREATNESS is more than you want to pay. The world's most legendary athletes are usually the ones most wildly out of balance. Michael Jordan had to crush you, whether you were an opponent or a teammate ... Enjoy your heroes, but don't envy them.

RICK REILLY,
sportswriter, on espn.com

WE SHOULD TRY to encourage a movement where you have two hands [showing] in all photos ... called "Keeping America Honest." You throw up two peace signs or two thumbs-ups, and it means you're not doing a selfie; you actually have a friend. Or a tripod.

CHELSEA PERETTI,
comedian, on her podcast *Call Chelsea Peretti*

PERHAPS EVEN MORE often than exchanging pleasantries, we also exchange dissatisfactions ... Two strangers complaining on a subway platform can end up cracking a smile or laughing, and though it would hardly be considered the beginning of a lifelong friendship, it is still neighborly.

MARIANA ALESSANDRI, PHD,
professor of philosophy, in the *New York Times*

I wish America would spend even half as much time complaining about plastics in our oceans as we do about actresses' plastic surgery.

BETTE MIDLER, ***actress and philanthropist,*** on Twitter

EUGENE GOLOGURSKY/GETTY IMAGES

☛ ***Sign up for a daily Points to Ponder e-mail at rd.com/ptp.***

The use of torture compromises that which most distinguishes us from our enemies: our belief that all people, even ... enemies, possess basic human rights.

JOHN MCCAIN, ***U.S. senator,*** in a statement to the Senate

THE THINGS WE DO outlast our mortality ... They're like the pyramids that the Egyptians built to honor the pharaohs. Only instead of being made of stone, they're made out of the memories people have of you.

R. J. PALACIO,
author, in her young-adult novel *Wonder*

IN MOST SOCIETIES, we [recognize] the right of people to keep secrets. But really, there's only one purpose for keeping secrets: Secrets exist to prevent other people from acting as they would if they had complete information.

NOAH DYER,
transparency advocate, in the *Atlantic*

WE ALWAYS LOOK at our children's futures with equal parts unjustified hope and unjustified alarm—both utopia and dystopia. We look at our own past with wistful nostalgia.

ALISON GOPNIK, PHD,
professor of psychology, in the *Wall Street Journal*

THERE HAS ALWAYS BEEN job destruction because of automation and technological progress. The important thing to keep in mind is that there has also always been job creation because of the same forces.

ANDREW MCAFEE, PHD,
research scientist, in *New Scientist*

I'm absolutely ready for a woman president. I'm ready for a woman nighttime-talk-show host, to tell you the truth. I wonder which will be first.

CHRIS ROCK, ***comedian,*** in *New York*

FROM TOP: KEVIN WINTER/GETTY IMAGES. DOUGLAS GORENSTEIN/NBC/GETTY IMAGES

Sweet raisins and tart cranberries.

Together at last.

I love redheads

Stop, I'm blushing

New Kellogg's Raisin Bran® with Cranberries.
The tongue-teasing taste of tart and sweet, plus an excellent source of fiber and Antioxidant Vitamin E.

®, TM, © 2015 Kellogg NA Co.

It's Not All It's Cracked Up to Be

BY EMILY ESFAHANI SMITH FROM THE *ATLANTIC*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NICK FERRARI, LETTERING BY JOEL HOLLAND

IN SEPTEMBER 1942, Viktor Frankl, a prominent Jewish psychiatrist and neurologist in Vienna, was arrested and transported to a Nazi concentration camp with his wife and parents. Three years later, when his camp was liberated, most of his family, including his pregnant wife, had perished—but he, prisoner number 119104, had lived. In his bestselling 1946 book, *Man's Search for Meaning*, which he wrote in nine days about his experiences in the camps, Frankl concluded that the difference between those who lived and those who died came down to one thing: meaning.

Frankl worked as a therapist in the camps, and in his book, he gave the example of two suicidal inmates he encountered there. Like many others, these men felt hopeless. "In both cases," Frankl wrote, "it was a question of getting them to realize that life was still expecting something from them." For one man, it was his young child, who was then living in a foreign country. For the other, a scientist, it was a series of books he needed to finish. "Everything can be taken from a man but one thing: the last of human freedoms—to choose one's attitude in any given set of circumstances, to choose one's own way," Frankl wrote in *Man's Search for Meaning.* As he saw in the camps, those who found meaning in even the most horrendous circumstances were far more resilient to suffering than those who did not. "A man who becomes conscious of the responsibility he bears toward a human being who affectionately waits for him, or to an unfinished work, will never be able to throw away his life. He knows the 'why' for his existence and will be able to bear almost any 'how,'" Frankl wrote.

Now Frankl's timeless message seems to be at odds with our culture, which is more interested in the pursuit of individual happiness than in the search for meaning. In 2012, the happiness levels of Americans hit a four-year high, according to Gallup. However, about four in ten Americans have not discovered a satisfying life purpose, regardless of how well their immediate needs are being met, according to the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention.

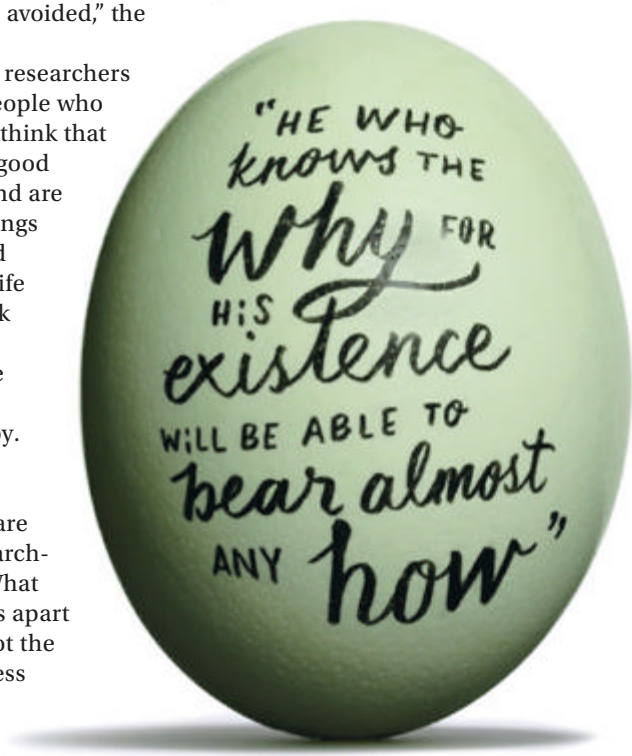
RESEARCH HAS SHOWN that having purpose and meaning in life increases overall well-being and life satisfaction, improves mental and physical health, enhances resiliency, builds self-esteem, and decreases the chances of depression. And ironically, the single-minded pursuit of happiness is leaving people less happy, according to recent research. "It is the very pursuit of happiness," Frankl wrote, "that thwarts happiness." It is why some researchers caution against a goal of merely being happy.

PROP STYLIST: MEGUMI EMOTO FOR ANDERSON HOPKINS

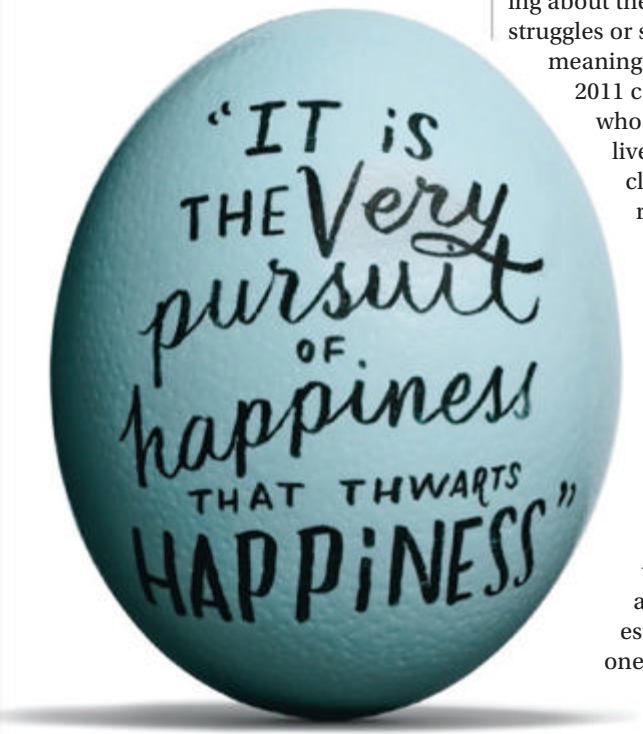
In a study published in the *Journal of Positive Psychology,* psychological scientists asked nearly 400 Americans whether they thought their lives were meaningful and/or happy. The researchers found that happy people get joy from receiving; people leading meaningful lives get joy from giving to others. "Happiness without meaning characterizes a relatively shallow, self-absorbed, or even selfish life, in which things go well, needs and desire are easily satisfied, and difficult or taxing entanglements are avoided," the authors wrote.

Specifically, the researchers discovered that people who are happy tend to think that life is easy, are in good physical health, and are able to buy the things that they want and need. The happy life is defined by a lack of stress or worry. Humans, then, are not the only ones who can feel happy. Animals also feel happy when their needs and drives are satisfied, the researchers pointed out. What sets human beings apart from animals is not the pursuit of happiness but the pursuit of meaning, according to Roy Baumeister, the study's lead researcher.

The study participants derived meaning from giving a part of themselves away to others. In the words of Martin E. P. Seligman, one of the leading psychological scientists alive today, in the meaningful life, "you use your highest strengths and talents to belong to and serve something you believe is larger than the self." For instance, having more meaning in one's life was associated with activities like buying presents



for others, taking care of kids, and arguing. People whose lives have high levels of meaning often actively seek out meaning even when they know it will come at the expense of happiness. Having children, for example, is associated with the meaningful life and requires self-sacrifice, but it has been famously associated with low happiness among parents, including the ones in this study. In fact, according to Harvard psychologist Daniel Gilbert, research shows that parents are less happy interacting with their children than they are exercising, eating, and watching television.



MEANING IS also about transcending the present moment. While happiness is an emotion felt in the here and now, it ultimately fades away, as all emotions do. Feelings of pleasure are fleeting. Meaning, on the other hand, is enduring. In the study, people who thought more about the present were happier, but people who spent more time thinking about the future or about past struggles or suffering felt more meaning. Another study from 2011 confirmed this: People who have meaning in their lives, in the form of a clearly defined purpose, rated their satisfaction with life higher—even when they were feeling bad—than those who did not have a clearly defined purpose.

Which brings us back to Frankl's life and, specifically, a decisive experience he had before he was sent to the concentration camps. In his early adulthood, Frankl had established himself as one of the leading psychiatrists in Vienna. By 1941, his theories had

received international attention, and he was working as the chief of neurology at Vienna's Rothschild Hospital, where he risked his life and career by making false diagnoses of mentally ill patients so that they would not, per Nazi orders, be euthanized.

With his career on the rise and the threat of the Nazis looming, Frankl had applied for a visa to America, which he was granted in 1941. By then, the Nazis had already started taking Jews to concentration camps, focusing on the elderly first. Frankl knew that it would be only a matter of time before the Nazis came for his parents. Once they did, he felt he had a responsibility to help them through the trauma of adjusting to camp life. On the other hand, as a newly married man with his visa in hand, he was tempted to flee to safety in America, where he could distinguish himself even further in his field.

At a loss for what to do, Frankl set out for St. Stephen's Cathedral in Vienna to clear his head. He was looking for a "hint from heaven." When he returned home, he found it—in a piece of marble lying on the table. It was from the rubble of one of the nearby synagogues that the Nazis had destroyed, his father explained. It contained a fragment of one of the Ten Commandments—the one about honoring your father and your mother. Frankl stayed.

The wisdom that Frankl derived from his experiences in the camps, in the middle of unimaginable human suffering, is just as relevant now as it was then: "Being human always points, and is directed, to something or someone other than oneself. The more one forgets himself—by giving himself to a cause to serve or another person to love—the more human he is." By devoting our lives to "giving" rather than "taking," we also acknowledge that there is more to the good life than the pursuit of simple happiness. R

THE *ATLANTIC* (MARCH 2014), COPYRIGHT © 2014 THE ATLANTIC MEDIA CO., THEATLANTIC.COM.

RIDDLE ME THIS

QUESTION: I never was, am always to be;
no one has seen me, nor will they see.
Close to sun's set, and far from sunrise; I will live on,
till time's own demise. What am I?

ANSWER: *Tomorrow.*

What Living in Paradise Taught Me

BY AMANDA WALKINS FROM HUFFINGTONPOST.COM

EVER SINCE I quit my job at a legal association in Washington, DC, for a life of warm weather and adventure in Roatán, Honduras, my whole outlook has changed. Anyone, anywhere, can cultivate the calm that vacationers and expats like me famously find in the tropics.

1 ELECTRICITY IS OVERRATED. Power outages are fairly common here during rainy seasons, and I'm not living off the grid—I have a laptop, an iPhone, and a Kindle. But when I'm faced with no electricity, I remember to breathe, reflect, and listen to the waves and the wind.

2 MAKE DO—IT'S FUN! Sometimes I go to the supermarket, and there is no chicken or bread or milk or tomatoes or whatever I intended to buy. I've learned to get creative. Thinking of new culinary concoctions is a favorite pastime.

3 NEEDS ARE DIFFERENT FROM WANTS. I might want new clothes, but unless my current ones are falling apart, I don't need them. Stains and holes happen. It's liberating to realize that I don't notice what anyone is wearing, what type of phone a person has, or whether or not someone owns a vehicle.

4 TIME SHOULDN'T DICTATE LIFE. It's fun to watch tourists learn to relax while they're here. Scheduling every minute makes you ask where the years went. When the sun rises, a new day begins. When it sets, a new night begins. It's that simple.

5 TRUST THESE WORDS: Author Karen Blixen once wrote: "I know the cure for everything: Salt water ... in one form or another. Sweat, tears, or the salt sea." There's nothing that one or all of those can't fix. R

PROP STYLIST: MEGUMI EMOTO FOR ANDERSON HOPKINS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NICK FERRARI

Cookies At Gate A-4

BY NAOMI SHIHAB NYE
FROM THE BOOK *HONEYBEE*

I WAS WANDERING around the Albuquerque airport. My flight had been delayed, and I heard an announcement: "If anyone near Gate A-4 understands Arabic, please come to the gate immediately." Gate A-4 was my own gate. I went there.

An older woman was crumpled on the floor, wailing. In her traditional Palestinian embroidered dress, she reminded me of my grandmother.

"Talk to her," urged the flight agent. "We told her the flight was going to be late, and she did this."

I stooped to put my arm around the woman and spoke haltingly. "Shu-dow-a, shu-bid-uck, habibti? Stani schway, min fadlick, shu-bit-se-wee?" She stopped crying. She thought the flight had been canceled. She needed to be in El Paso for a medical treatment the next day. I said, "You'll get there, just late. Who is picking you up? Let's call him."

We called her son. In English, I told him that I would stay with his mother until we got on the plane. She talked with him. Then we called her other sons just for fun. Then we called my dad, and they spoke for a while in Arabic and found out that they had ten shared friends. After that, I called some Palestinian poets I know and let them chat with her.

She was laughing a lot by then, patting my knee, answering questions. She pulled a sack of homemade mamool cookies—little crumbly mounds stuffed with dates and nuts and topped with sugar—from her bag and offered them to the women at the gate. To my amazement, no one declined. It was like a sacrament. The traveler from Argentina, the mom from California, the lovely woman from Laredo—we were all smiling, covered with the same sugar.

I looked around that gate and thought, This is the world I want to live in. One with no apprehension.

This can still happen anywhere, I thought. Not everything is lost. R

FOOD STYLIST: ED GABRIELS FOR HALLEY RESOURCES

HONEYBEE, BY NAOMI SHIHAB NYE, COPYRIGHT © 2006 BY NAOMI SHIHAB NYE, IS PUBLISHED BY HARPERCOLLINS PUBLISHERS, HARPERCOLLINS.COM.

Walking Misty

BY JILL SMOLOWE FROM THEBARK.COM

IN 2004, when my daughter Becky was ten, she and my husband, Joe, were united in their desire for a dog. As for me, I shared none of their canine lust.

But why, they pleaded. "Because I don't have time to take care of a dog." But we'll do it. "Really? You're going to walk the dog? Feed the dog? Bathe the dog?" Yes, yes, and yes. "I don't believe you." We will. We swear.

They didn't. From day two (everyone wanted to walk the cute Cavalier King Charles spaniel puppy that first day), neither thought to walk the dog. While I was slow to accept that I would be the one to keep track of her shots, to schedule her vet appointments, to feed and groom her, Misty knew this on day one. As she peered up at the three new humans in her life (small, medium, and large), she calculated, "The medium one is the sucker in the pack."

Quickly, she and I developed something akin to a Vulcan mind meld. She'd look at me with those doleful brown eyes of hers, beam her need, and then wait, trusting I would understand—which, bizarrely, I almost always did. In no time, she became my fifth appendage, snoring on my home-office couch as I worked, cradling against my feet as I read, and splaying across my stomach as I watched television.

ILLUSTRATION BY CHRISTOPHER SILAS NEAL

Even so, part of me continued to resent walking duty. Joe and Becky had sworn. They'd promised. Not fair, I'd balk silently as she and I walked. "Not fair," I'd loudly remind anyone within earshot upon our return home.

Then one day—January 1, 2007, to be exact—my husband's hematologist uttered an unthinkable word: *leukemia.* With that, my walk-and-balk tirades evaporated, my head too filled with worry to leave room for petty resentments. I spent eight to ten hours a day with Joe in the hospital, doing anything and everything I could to ease his discomfort as he withstood chemo, surgery, and then a stem cell transplant. During those six months of hospitalizations, Becky, 12 at the time, adjusted to other adults being in the house when she returned from school. My work colleagues adjusted to my taking off at a moment's notice for medical emergencies. Every part of my life shifted; no part of my old routine remained.

Save one: Misty still needed walking. Initially, when friends offered to take her through her paces, I declined because I knew they had their own households to deal with.

As the months went by, I began to realize that I actually wanted to walk Misty. The walk in the morning before I headed to the hospital was a quiet, peaceful time to gather my thoughts or to just be before the day's medical drama unfolded. The evening walk was a time to shake off the day's upsets and let the worry tracks in my head go to white noise.

When dire illness visits your household, it's not just your daily routine and your assumptions about the future that are no longer familiar. Pretty much everyone you know acts differently.

Not Misty. Take her for a walk, and she had no interest in Joe's blood counts, chemo concoctions, or bone marrow test results. On the street or in the park, she had only one thing on her mind: squirrels! If we crossed paths with another pooch, she had a different agenda: Sniff that dog's butt! She was so joyous that even on the worst days, she could make me smile. On a daily basis, she reminded me that life goes on.

After Joe died in 2009, Misty slept on his pillow.

When a new human named Bob entered the picture, she quickly trained him to take her on walks.

I'm grateful—to a point. The truth is, after years of balking, I've come to savor my walks with Misty. As I watch her chase after a squirrel, throwing her whole being into the here-and-now of an exercise that has never once ended in victory, she reminds me, too, that no matter how harsh the present or unpredictable the future, there's almost always some measure of joy to be extracted from the moment. R

COPYRIGHT © 2014 BY JILL SMOLOWE. THE BARK (SUMMER 2014), THEBARK.COM

Put Some Super In Your Food

BY MANDY OAKLANDER
FROM *PREVENTION*

VEGGIES CONTAIN antioxidants that are fat soluble (meaning your body absorbs them better when they're paired with a fat) and water soluble (nutrients will leach out if the food is prepared in water). Maximize the health benefits of superfoods with this cheat sheet courtesy of food scientist Bradley Bolling, PhD.

PURPLE POTATOES

How: Season with turmeric or curry powder and bake.

Why: Boiling purple potatoes releases hard-won anthocyanins into the water; baking retains them. Adding in a phytochemical-rich seasoning like turmeric gives you a double dose of disease-fighting antioxidants.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NICK FERRARI

KALE

How: Sauté with a bit of olive oil.
Why: Kale is rife with water-soluble polyphenols, so if you steam or boil it, they'll escape into the water. Sautéing kale with an oil preserves them and helps you absorb the plant's fat-soluble carotenoids too.

ONIONS

How: Chop into wedges, let sit for 15 minutes, then roast at 375°F to 400°F for 20 minutes.
Why: When a cut onion is allowed to rest, an enzyme forms that creates health-promoting sulfur compounds throughout the entire onion. Roasting it preserves the phytochemicals—and provides the bonus of a sweet, caramelized flavor.

CARROTS

How: Peel carefully, coat in oil, and roast.
Why: The healthy polyacetylene compounds found in carrots are concentrated near the surface; peel too aggressively and you risk losing them. Polyacetylenes are fat soluble, so you won't lose them by boiling or steaming, but roasting these veggies makes them taste best.

PARSLEY

How: Make tabbouleh.
Why: Parsley is rich in flavonoids—especially the potential cancer-fighter apigenin—and tabbouleh is rich in parsley. "People typically use parsley as a garnish, but in tabbouleh, you can eat more than just a little," says Bolling.

CORN

How: Roast ears, then cut kernels off cob and pop them into vegetable broth with fresh herbs like thyme and basil to make a fresh corn chowder.
Why: Roasting corn first heightens the flavor. Cooking and serving it in broth will extract and retain corn's water-soluble phytochemicals.

PEPPERS

How: Coat with oil and grill.
Why: Grilling maximizes phytochemicals by breaking down the plant-cell walls. Add a little oil for flavor and to help your body absorb those valuable carotenoids. R

FOOD STYLIST: ED GABRIELS FOR HALLEY RESOURCES

PREVENTION (DECEMBER 2014),
COPYRIGHT © 2014 BY RODALE INC., PREVENTION.COM.

NOTE: Ads were removed from this edition. Please continue to page 50.

ALL IN

A Day's Work

"Have you tried opening the back and emptying the pencil shavings?"

WHEN MY HUSBAND, James Rowles, was in the seminary, he was invited to preach at a small rural church. However, the man who was to introduce him to the congregation had trouble pronouncing his name. So James offered this verbal clue: "Remember rolls, like hot buttered rolls."

It worked. When it came time for the introduction, the man announced, "We are pleased to have with us the Reverend James Biscuits."

RUTH ROWLES, *Halifax, Virginia*

A LAST-MINUTE FILER walked into our state income tax office and handed me his returns. Just as he did, a peal of laughter could be heard in another room. Glaring at me, he grumbled, "What are they doing back there, counting the money?"

WILLIAM UMBERSON, *San Diego, California*

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN CALDWELL

MY BOSS was watching a video of his son. I heard a voice in the background and asked if it was Elmo. It was his wife. Source: fmylife.com

A FRIEND OF MINE works at a tattoo shop. A client walked in and got a sentence tattooed on his back. A few hours later, the customer called, demanding a refund.
Client: You did my tattoo backward!
Tattoo artist: It's backward?
Client: Yes! I'm looking at it in the mirror right now! Source: clientsfromhell.net

WHILE TEACHING at a veterinary college, I ordered a few books for our library. One was George Orwell's *Animal Farm.* When I went to take it out, I discovered that the librarian had placed the book in the section for dairy and poultry.

JACOB CHEERAN, *Thrissur, India*

MY HUSBAND was at a dinner with colleagues, and one of them had too much to drink. Feeling drowsy, the poor man sank back into his chair and said, "I don't feel good. I'm going into screen saver mode."

L. Y., *via Internet*

DURING MY THIRD-GRADE music class, my question, "Does anyone know what a polka is?" was met with blank stares. So, prompting them, I asked, "Polka is a type of what?"
One student answered, "Dot."

TAMARA MICHAL, *Live Oak, Florida*

IF YOU WERE an auto insurer, would you have paid these actual claims?
■ "In an attempt to kill a fly, I drove into a telephone pole."
■ "I didn't think the speed limit applied after midnight."
■ "The car in front hit the pedestrian, but he got up so I hit him again."

Source: businessball.com

SPOTTED ON FACEBOOK

Student: I don't understand why my grade was so low. How did I do on my research paper?

Teacher: Actually, you didn't turn in a research paper. You turned in a random assemblage of sentences. In fact, the sentences you apparently kidnapped in the dead of night and forced into this violent and arbitrary plan of yours clearly seemed to be placed on the pages against their will. Reading your paper was like watching unfamiliar, uncomfortable people interacting at a cocktail party that no one wanted to attend in the first place. You didn't submit a research paper. You submitted a hostage situation.

Anything funny happen to you at work lately? It could be worth $100. See page 7 for details or go to rd.com/submit.

Sniff to Heal

BY KELSEY KLOSS

ALMONDS RELIEVE PAIN

Getting a bit nutty when you're in pain might help you. Canadian researchers asked 20 men and 20 women to immerse their hands in painfully hot water (a common pain-tolerance test) for as long as possible while exposed to different odors. When the women smelled pleasant scents like almond extract, they reported 38 percent less pain; they had higher pain levels with stringent scents like vinegar. The odors had no effect on the men's pain, but both sexes reported better moods when exposed to enjoyable smells. Experts say specific scents could be used to make post-operative patients more comfortable, but more research is needed.

JASMINE HELPS YOU SLEEP BETTER

If you still feel tired come morning, try snoozing to the scent of jasmine. In a study presented at the Eastern Psychological Association Conference in 2011, researchers analyzed 20 people as they slept in rooms scented with jasmine, lavender, or nothing. Participants moved the least during sleep and rated their anxiety levels lowest after smelling jasmine. They also performed better on cognitive tests, which researchers say could be especially helpful for students or athletes who have trouble sleeping before a big test or game.

LEMON BEATS THE BLUES

A whiff of citrus could boost your mood. In a Japanese study, researchers exposed 12 patients diagnosed with depression to a fragrant blend of citrus—consisting mostly of lemon oil—by circulating it in a room where they spent most of their time. The aroma regulated hormone levels, boosted immune function, and markedly lowered the dosages of antidepressants the patients needed. For a natural pick-me-up, dab lemon balm on the inside of your wrist.

PROP STYLIST: MEGUMI EMOTO FOR ANDERSON HOPKINS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NICK FERRARI

BLACK PEPPER HELPS YOU QUIT SMOKING

In a 2013 study published in the *Journal of Alternative and Complementary Medicine,* nicotine users took a whiff of either black pepper oil or angelica oil. Both essential oils reduced cravings: Participants who inhaled black pepper reported a slight burning feeling in the throat, mimicking a sensation they enjoyed when smoking, while the angelica group reported relaxation similar to that induced by the act of smoking. Researchers suggest smokers smell a drop of the oils on a cotton ball (either separately or together) when a craving hits.

CINNAMON IMPROVES BALANCE

When neurologist Alan Hirsch, MD, of the Smell & Taste Treatment and Research Foundation, gave 11 blindfolded participants a stability test, ten had significantly improved balance when smelling a baked cinnamon bun aroma compared with other scents. The spice can improve other motor skills too: Researchers at Wheeling Jesuit University discovered that cinnamon decreased fatigue and road rage and increased alertness among drivers (so opt for a cinnamon-scented car freshener!). The seasoning stimulates the central nervous system, enhancing performance and motivation.

BANANAS CURB CRAVINGS

Consider a fruity trick to stop overeating: In a study led by Dr. Hirsch, more than 3,000 overweight people sniffed scents like banana and green apple when they felt hungry. On average, they lost five pounds monthly throughout the six-month study (without dieting!). Certain odors trigger the release of hormones that give the perception of feeling full.

ROSES GIVE YOU SWEET DREAMS

Prone to nightmares? Place a potted rosebush or a rose bouquet near your bed. In a German study, women who slept in a rose-scented room reported experiencing pleasant dreams, while those exposed to a rotten-egg smell were more likely to have negative ones. Experts say smell can affect the brain's emotional responses, and since pleasant smells like roses are often linked to happy memories, they can promote more agreeable dreams. R

FOOD STYLIST: ED GABRIELS
FOR HALLEY RESOURCES

Doctors' Orders

7 Dangerous First Aid Mistakes

BY THE PHYSICIANS OF *THE DOCTORS*

TREATING AN INJURY promptly and properly can have a huge effect on recovery. But we still see many patients handling common wounds the wrong way—due partly to old wives' tales that won't die and partly to new science around emergency care. We asked our colleagues—some of the nation's top emergency-care providers—to debunk common misperceptions.

1 NOT TREATING A BURN LONG ENOUGH

Forget butter or ice—the best way to soothe burned skin is to run it under cool water. But a few seconds or minutes isn't enough; you need to do it for at least ten to 20 minutes, says Jeffrey Pellegrino, PhD, of the American Red Cross. "The heat from a burn travels deep into your skin, where it can continue to destroy tissue even if you've cooled the surface," he says. "You need the cold to soak in to prevent further damage."

2 TILTING YOUR HEAD BACK DURING A NOSEBLEED

This can cause the blood to drain into the back of your throat, which can make you gag or cough, potentially obstructing breathing. Instead, apply direct pressure by pinching your nose, but keep your head in a ➳

Cohost Jim Sears, MD

Cohost Rachael Ross, MD

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBYN TWOMEY

ADVERTISEMENT

Bring Them Back to the Dinner Table

Try our NEW Online Classes
TOHCookingSchool.com

Now you can learn from the experts at the
Taste of Home Cooking School right in your own home!

Taste of Home Cooking School Online

FREE Try it **FREE!**

Check it out at
TOHCookingSchool.com

neutral position with your chin parallel to the ground. Sit and stay relaxed.

3 PUTTING HEAT ON A SPRAIN OR FRACTURE

"Always apply cold initially," says William Gluckman, DO, spokesman for the Urgent Care Association of America. Ice helps decrease swelling, whereas heat boosts blood flow, which can make swelling worse. Save heat for issues like back spasms.

4 TRYING TO REMOVE DEBRIS FROM AN INJURED EYE

Fishing around for the irritant can worsen the wound and even lead to permanent damage. Instead, protect the eye—secure a paper cup over it with tape so nothing else can get in—and seek immediate care. The only exception is if you get a chemical in your eye; in that case, flush it out with water for about 15 minutes.

5 REMOVING GAUZE FROM A BLEEDING WOUND

If the pad soaks through, don't pick it up and replace it—just add a fresh piece of gauze on top, says Chris Cebollero, chief of EMS for Christian Hospital in St. Louis. Clotting factors in the blood surface to help stop the bleeding; picking up the old gauze can remove them and make the wound start bleeding all over again. If that happens, apply pressure to the cut until the bleeding stops, then rinse the wound out (to prevent infection), apply an antibiotic ointment (if not allergic), and rewrap with a bandage.

6 NOT SEEKING CARE AFTER A CAR ACCIDENT

If you have severe car damage, get checked out at the hospital, even if you feel fine. "Your adrenaline-fueled, fight-or-flight response can mask pain initially," says Cebollero. "It can be ten minutes or two hours after the accident before you feel something." Responders at the scene can't necessarily rule out brain bleeds or broken bones.

7 MAKING IT HARD FOR THE EMT TO FIND YOU

Say you're stung by a bee in your backyard and are having a serious allergic reaction. First have someone call 911. Then head to the driveway. Choking in a restaurant? Don't run to the bathroom. "People die in bathrooms from choking because they don't want to disturb other diners. They collapse, and nobody knows why," says Pellegrino. Stay where people can help you.

YOUR DAILY DOSE The health teams at *The Doctors* and *Reader's Digest* partner monthly to prescribe feel-great advice. Check local listings to watch the hit show every day.

THE Doctors

TAKING CONTROL OF DIABETES TAKES AN EXTRA HAND®

The best way to live with diabetes is to not live with it alone. That's why Walgreens is right around the corner with the support you need. Our pharmacists are available 24/7 with expert advice and savings on medication and supplies. And we'll even help you stay on track by rewarding you for healthy behaviors, like checking your glucose.* Because Walgreens is dedicated to helping you live well with diabetes.

Get your free private consultation with a trained Walgreens pharmacist today.
Or visit Walgreens.com/Diabetes-help.

*For details, visit www.walgreens.com/healthychoices.

Walgreens
AT THE CORNER OF HAPPY & HEALTHY™

NEWS FROM THE

World of Medicine

BY KELSEY KLOSS

Why Hospitals Are Embracing Copper

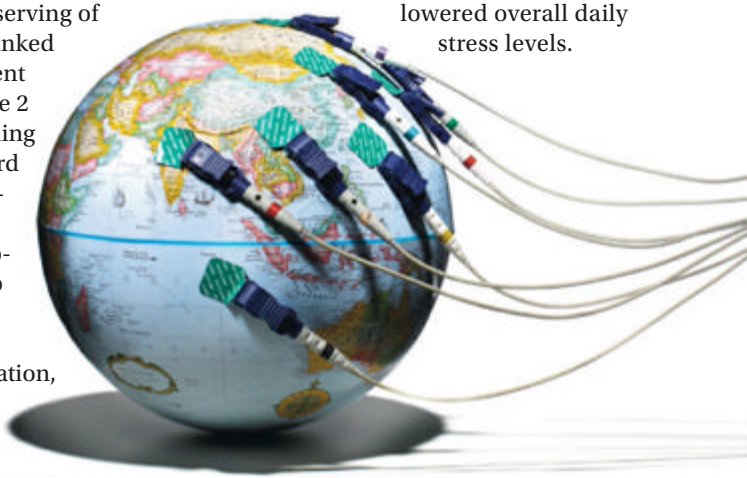
Hospital-bed railings can transmit infection-causing bacteria to patients, but in a trial at three U.S. hospitals, introducing handrails made with copper—which naturally kills bacteria, yeasts, and viruses—lowered infection rates by 58 percent. The trial hospitals and others are considering switching more surfaces to copper. An Iowa hospital, for example, has already installed everything from copper light-switch plates to toilet flushers.

More Yogurt, Less Diabetes

One additional serving of yogurt a day is linked with an 18 percent lower risk of type 2 diabetes, according to a large Harvard study. Researchers hypothesize that yogurt's probiotics may help improve insulin sensitivity and reduce inflammation, but more clinical trials are needed to determine this. Total dairy consumption was not associated with diabetes risk, and the study didn't differentiate between yogurt types.

Health Risk in Your E-mail

Here's a simple way to feel less stressed: Sign out of e-mail. For two weeks, Canadian researchers assigned more than 120 adults to either check their inboxes only three times a day or to check as often as possible (about the same number of times they normally would). After the first week, participants switched scenarios. For most people, checking e-mail less frequently significantly lowered overall daily stress levels.



PHOTOGRAPH BY CLAIRE BENOIST

"Hunter's text is a smart, well-written read that would make excellent material for science classes. It attempts to personalize our relationship with our planet and will no doubt raise readers' care and concern."

ForeWord Reviews

"A rewarding science read"

BlueInk Review

HOW ARE YOU, MOTHER EARTH?

We're Taking You to the Doctor!

BY GORDON HUNTER

Gordon Hunter is an award-winning professor of biology with 42 years of experience in the field of science. Beautifully illustrated by Marvin Alonso, this playful yet instructional children's book introduces young readers to the science behind environmentalism, in a fun and entertaining way.

Trafford PUBLISHING

Trafford Publishing | 1663 Liberty Drive
Bloomington, IN 47403 | 888.232.4444 | www.trafford.com

A Drug Cure for Hepatitis C

A newly FDA-approved treatment, Viekira Pak, could be a game changer for patients with hepatitis C, the most common cause of liver cancer and transplantation. According to new research in the *New England Journal of Medicine,* an oral combination drug regimen cured hepatitis C in 97 percent of the 30 liver transplant patients studied. The new treatment is taken by patients for 24 weeks or less and has a higher success rate and a lower risk of organ rejection than other classic treatments.

Silent Signs of Cancer

More than half of 1,700 participants in a recent British study reported signs of a malignancy, such as unexplained coughing or bleeding, but only 2 percent of them thought cancer was a possibility. Patients ignored not only subtle signs like changed urination habits (a bladder cancer symptom) but also more obvious signs like lumps. Researchers say this shows that opportunities for early diagnosis are being missed and that patients need to see their doctors sooner when something is abnormal.

Swallowing Capsules, Now Made Simple

Spoonful of sugar won't help the medicine go down? In a recent German study, a different approach helped 90 percent of patients with difficulty swallowing large capsules: Put the pill on your tongue, take a sip of water, and tilt your head forward as you swallow. Capsules (but not tablets) are lighter than water, so they naturally float toward your throat when you lean forward. Still, an earlier study showed that only 2 percent of participants knew to bend forward.

When Chest Pain Isn't an Asthma Symptom

In a new study of nearly 7,000 asthma patients (average age: 62), those with cases severe enough to require daily medication were 60 percent more likely to have a heart attack, stroke, or related condition within ten years than those without asthma. Researchers don't know the exact link (they plan to study the effect of daily asthma medication and chronic inflammation). Experts urge asthma patients to seek prompt medical care if they experience any chest pain, as it is a common symptom of both asthma and heart disease.

Foods Making You Forgetful

A known heart threat, trans fat—found in foods like margarine and cookies—may also mess with memory. In a recent study presented at an American Heart Association meeting, researchers evaluated the trans fat consumption of about 1,000 healthy men and gave them memory tests. Each additional gram of trans fat eaten per day was linked to poorer performance on the test.

Rejoice TRIAL

Do you experience vaginal dryness, itching, irritation, or painful intercourse?

Then the **Rejoice Trial** may be right for you!

This national medical research study is evaluating an investigational medication to see if it can help reduce the severity of one of these symptoms, often experienced by postmenopausal women.

Interested?

Doctors in your area may be enrolling participants!

Call **800-70-REJOICE** (800-707-3564)
or visit **RejoiceTrial.com**
for more information and to see if you qualify.

Participants will receive reimbursement for their time, travel, and other related expenses.

© 2015 TherapeuticsMD, Inc. RJOY-0070 2/15

Is your BLADDER CALLING THE SHOTS?

Myrbetriq® (mirabegron) is approved by the FDA to treat overactive bladder (OAB) symptoms of urgency, frequency and leakage:

Urgency Frequency Leakage

In clinical trials, those taking Myrbetriq made fewer trips to the bathroom and had fewer leaks than those not taking Myrbetriq. Your results may vary.

Talk to Your Doctor!

Tear out this ad with some discussion topics below and bring it to your doctor.

- "I sometimes have leaks."
- "I feel like I have to go to the bathroom too often."
- "What could it mean when I have sudden, uncontrollable urges to urinate?"

Learn about prescription savings at Myrbetriq.com

Subject to eligibility. Restrictions may apply.

Important Safety Information

Myrbetriq may increase your blood pressure, which should be checked by your doctor during treatment.

Use of MYRBETRIQ (meer-BEH-trick)

Myrbetriq® (mirabegron) is a prescription medicine for adults used to treat overactive bladder with symptoms of urgency, frequency, and leakage.

Important Safety Information (continued)

Myrbetriq may increase your chances of not being able to empty your bladder. Tell your doctor right away if you have trouble emptying your bladder or you have a weak urine stream.

Tell your doctor about all the medicines you take including medications for overactive bladder or other medicines such as thioridazine (Mellaril® and Mellaril S®), flecainide (Tambocor™), propafenone (Rythmol®), digoxin (Lanoxin®).* Myrbetriq may affect the way other medicines work, and other medicines may affect how Myrbetriq works.

Before taking Myrbetriq, tell your doctor if you have liver or kidney problems. In clinical studies, the most common side effects seen with Myrbetriq included increased blood pressure, common cold symptoms (nasopharyngitis), urinary tract infection and headache.

Please see Brief Summary of Prescribing Information for Myrbetriq (mirabegron) on following page.

You are encouraged to report negative side effects of prescription drugs to the FDA. Visit www.fda.gov/medwatch, or call 1-800-FDA-1088.

Myrbetriq
(mirabegron)
extended-release tablets
25 mg, 50 mg

astellas

Myrbetriq is a registered trademark of Astellas Pharma Inc.
*All other trademarks or registered trademarks are the property of their respective owners.
©2014 Astellas Pharma US Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in USA. 057-0258-PM

astellas

Myrbetriq® (mirabegron) extended-release tablets 25 mg, 50 mg

Brief Summary based on FDA-approved patient labeling
Read the Patient Information that comes with Myrbetriq® (mirabegron) before you start taking it and each time you get a refill. There may be new information. This summary does not take the place of talking with your doctor about your medical condition or treatment.

What is Myrbetriq (meer-BEH-trick)?
Myrbetriq is a prescription medication for **adults** used to treat the following symptoms due to a condition called **overactive bladder**:
- urge urinary incontinence: a strong need to urinate with leaking or wetting accidents
- urgency: a strong need to urinate right away
- frequency: urinating often

It is not known if Myrbetriq is safe and effective in children.

What is overactive bladder?
Overactive bladder occurs when you cannot control your bladder contractions. When these muscle contractions happen too often or cannot be controlled, you can get symptoms of overactive bladder, which are urinary frequency, urinary urgency, and urinary incontinence (leakage).

What should I tell my doctor before taking Myrbetriq?
Before you take Myrbetriq, tell your doctor if you:
- have liver problems or kidney problems
- have very high uncontrolled blood pressure
- have trouble emptying your bladder or you have a weak urine stream
- are pregnant or plan to become pregnant. It is not known if Myrbetriq will harm your unborn baby. Talk to your doctor if you are pregnant or plan to become pregnant.
- are breastfeeding or plan to breastfeed. It is not known if Myrbetriq passes into your breast milk. You and your doctor should decide if you will take Myrbetriq or breastfeed. You should not do both.

Tell your doctor about all the medicines you take,
including prescription and nonprescription medicines, vitamins, and herbal supplements. Myrbetriq may affect the way other medicines work, and other medicines may affect how Myrbetriq works.

Tell your doctor if you take:
- thioridazine (Mellaril® or Mellaril-S®)*
- flecainide (Tambocor™)
- propafenone (Rythmol®)
- digoxin (Lanoxin®)

How should I take Myrbetriq?
- Take Myrbetriq exactly as your doctor tells you to take it.
- You should take 1 Myrbetriq tablet 1 time a day.
- You should take Myrbetriq with water and swallow the tablet whole.
- Do not crush or chew the tablet.
- You can take Myrbetriq with or without food.
- If you miss a dose of Myrbetriq, begin taking Myrbetriq again the next day. Do not take 2 doses of Myrbetriq the same day.
- If you take too much Myrbetriq, call your doctor or go to the nearest hospital emergency room right away.

What are the possible side effects of Myrbetriq?
Myrbetriq may cause serious side effects including:
- **increased blood pressure.** Myrbetriq may cause your blood pressure to increase or make your blood pressure worse if you have a history of high blood pressure. It is recommended that your doctor check your blood pressure while you are taking Myrbetriq.
- **inability to empty your bladder (urinary retention).** Myrbetriq may increase your chances of

not being able to empty your bladder if you have bladder outlet obstruction or if you are taking other medicines to treat overactive bladder. Tell your doctor right away if you are unable to empty your bladder.

The **most common side effects** of Myrbetriq include:
- increased blood pressure
- common cold symptoms (nasopharyngitis)
- urinary tract infection
- headache

Tell your doctor if you have any side effect that bothers you or that does not go away or if you have hives, skin rash or itching while taking Myrbetriq.

These are not all the possible side effects of Myrbetriq.

For more information, ask your doctor or pharmacist.

Call your doctor for medical advice about side effects. You may report side effects to the FDA at 1-800-FDA-1088.

How should I store Myrbetriq?
- Store Myrbetriq between 59°F to 86°F (15°C to 30°C). Keep the bottle closed.
- Safely throw away medicine that is out of date or no longer needed.

Keep Myrbetriq and all medicines out of the reach of children.

General information about the safe and effective use of Myrbetriq
Medicines are sometimes prescribed for purposes other than those listed in the Patient Information leaflet. Do not use Myrbetriq for a condition for which it was not prescribed. Do not give Myrbetriq to other people, even if they have the same symptoms you have. It may harm them.

Where can I go for more information?
This is a summary of the most important information about Myrbetriq. If you would like more information, talk with your doctor. You can ask your doctor or pharmacist for information about Myrbetriq that is written for health professionals.

For more information, visit **www.Myrbetriq.com** or call (800) 727-7003.

Rx Only

PRODUCT OF JAPAN OR IRELAND – See bottle label or blister package for origin

Manufactured by:
Astellas Pharma Technologies, Inc.
Norman, Oklahoma 73072

Marketed and Distributed by:
Astellas Pharma US, Inc.
Northbrook, Illinois 60062

Myrbetriq®
(mirabegron)
extended-release tablets
25 mg, 50 mg

* Myrbetriq® is a registered trademark of Astellas Pharma Inc. All other trademarks or registered trademarks are the property of their respective owners.
©2014 Astellas Pharma US, Inc.
Revised: June 2014

13C011-MIR-BRFS

057-0258-PM

35 Things EVERY Homeowner Must Know

Protect your biggest investment, make smarter decisions, and avoid costly mistakes

FROM THE BOOK *100 THINGS EVERY HOMEOWNER MUST KNOW*

Save Hundreds Simply

Technicians report that up to 30 percent of their service calls require only the push of a button or the flip of a switch. Those small actions can cost you a minimum service charge (typically $50 to $100)—plus embarrassment. Try these tactics first:

■ **CHECK A WARM FRIDGE'S TEMPERATURE DIAL** Make sure it hasn't been turned way down. Kids may have messed with it, or someone might have bumped the knob. Also, make sure that food containers don't block the fridge and freezer compartments'

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ADAM VOORHES

vents—they supply the flow of frigid air.

■ **PRESS THE RESET BUTTON ON GFCIs** Sometimes all the bathroom outlets or several exterior lights are powered through a single GFCI (the red button in the middle of some outlets) located in one bathroom or elsewhere, such as in a basement. If there's an outage, push the reset button on the GFCI, and you could be back in business.

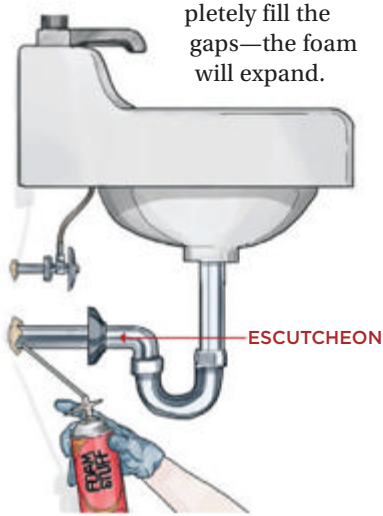
■ **TEST THE OUTLET** If any electronic item suddenly won't turn on, don't immediately assume it's broken. Plug in a clock or lamp to make sure the outlet works.

■ **INSPECT THE BREAKER** When a light goes out or a switch doesn't work, check the main electrical panel for a tripped circuit breaker. Look for a switch that's not in line with the others. Flip it to the off position if it's not fully to the side and then back on.

Cut Your Utility Bills

■ **GET A LOW-FLOW SHOWERHEAD** Showerheads are the second-heaviest water users—and also major energy eaters, since 70 percent of the water used is heated. By reducing hot-water consumption, a low-flow unit can pay for itself in just one month. And you don't have to settle for subpar water pressure. Many of today's water-efficient showerheads use new technology to provide a high-flow feel.

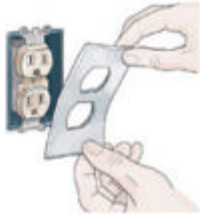
■ **FILL GAPS UNDER SINKS** Pull back the escutcheons (metal plates) where pipes enter exterior walls, and you may see gaps around the pipes. Use expanding foam to seal those gaps. Shake the can vigorously, then squirt the foam around the pipes inside the wall. Don't completely fill the gaps—the foam will expand.



■ **STOP LEAKS UNDER DOORS** If you can feel a breeze or see daylight under your exterior doors, that's bad news. The good news is that most thresholds adjust up or down with just a few twists of a screw. Turn all the screws until the door opens and closes without much drag and any draft is eliminated.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELLAPHANT IN THE ROOM

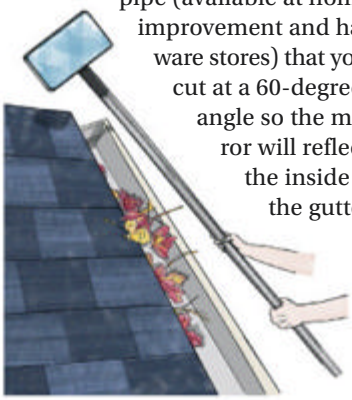
■ **SEAL ELECTRICAL BOXES** These can be major sources of heat loss; foam gaskets can help. They're quick to install: Simply take off the box's cover plate, stick the gasket over the box, and then screw the plate back on.



■ **INSTALL A CEILING FAN** Moving air increases evaporation from your skin and helps keep you comfortable at higher thermostat settings. Each degree above 78 degrees can save you 5 to 10 percent on air-conditioning.

Save Hassle—Use These Tricks

■ **EASILY INSPECT YOUR GUTTERS** You don't need a ladder to find out if they need cleaning. Attach a hand mirror to the end of a long PVC pipe (available at home-improvement and hardware stores) that you've cut at a 60-degree angle so the mirror will reflect the inside of the gutter.



■ **DAB A LIGHT-SWITCH COVER WITH GLOW PAINT** No more groping blindly at night. You can find glow-in-the-dark paint at hardware stores and home centers.

■ **STASH TV REMOTES UNDER AN END TABLE** Adhesive-backed hook-and-loop strips (like Velcro) let you stick remote controls under a coffee or end table. They'll be handy when you need them but won't clutter tabletops.

■ **USE A WASHCLOTH FOR WALL PAINT TOUCH-UPS** No need to mess up a brush. Just dip an old washcloth in the paint, dab the spot, and throw away the cloth when you're done. A washcloth leaves the same texture as a paint roller, so your repair will blend nicely.

Spot Subtle Signs of Serious Trouble

■ **MOLD COULD MEAN A LEAK** If you see this fungus near water pipes, waste lines, ice-maker lines, or plumbing fixtures, chances are it's feeding off a nearby leak. Let the water run while you check the pipes and surrounding area for damp spots. If you see mold on or near ceilings,

PROP STYLIST: ROBIN FINLAY

KNOW WHERE YOUR SHUTOFF VALVES ARE? TURNING OFF THE WATER SUPPLY IF A PIPE CRACKS CAN PREVENT MAJOR DAMAGE.

suspect roof leaks. Water can travel in any direction—down, sideways, even up, if it wicks into absorbent material like drywall—so the source of the leak may be some distance from the mold.

■ **A PUDDLE NEAR THE WATER HEATER COULD BECOME A LAKE** Water heaters sometimes leak from the drain or relief valves, which are easy to replace. But if a leak is coming from the tank, watch out. The tank is lined with a thin coat of glass. Over the years, that glass could crack, causing the steel to rust away and a puddle to appear. Left alone, a damaged tank will eventually rupture, causing an instant flood. It might take months or only days for a leak to become a flood—but it will happen. Don't gamble; replace that time bomb now.

■ **A CIRCUIT BREAKER THAT KEEPS TRIPPING COULD INDICATE A SHORT-CIRCUITED WIRE** Take load off the circuit by plugging appliances into outlets on other circuits. Items that draw a lot of power are usually the overload culprits (space heaters, window-unit air conditioners, etc.). If you can't prevent breaker trips this way, you may have a more serious problem. Call an electrician.

■ **SOFT WOOD COULD SPELL TERMITES** The critters can feed on a house for years undetected because they often eat wood from the inside and leave the outside intact. Check accessible wood in a crawl space or an unfinished basement for damage. Stab it firmly with a screwdriver every six inches to check for a spongy texture.

Try Some Crafty, Brilliant Storage Solutions

■ **MEASURING CUP HANG-UP** Screw a couple of mounts inside a cabinet door and add some hooks, and you've got a perfect roost for measuring cups. Just make sure your cups won't bump into the shelves.

■ **JUNK DRAWER IN A BAG** Instead of wasting precious kitchen drawer space, use heavy-duty zip-top bags for miscellaneous junk (then stash them in a closet or the garage instead). The bags let you instantly find just the thing you're looking for.

■ **JOIST STORAGE SPACE** Mount a section of wire shelving to the undersides of beams for a row of neat storage nooks. Unlike solid shelving, wire lets you see what's up there.

■ **S-HOOK CLEANING RACK**
Pick up a pack of S-hooks at a home center, and turn wire shelving into a rack for cleaning gear.

■ **UNDER-SINK ARCHIVES** Don't file away the manuals and spare parts that came with your kitchen and bath fixtures. Instead, put them right where you'll need them by sealing in ziplock bags and hanging them on hooks on the back walls of cabinets.

■ **STORE ON A DOOR** One that opens into a closet or a utility room provides a handy surface for hang-up storage. The trouble is that some doors don't offer a flat, solid surface for fastening hooks or racks. The solution is to screw ¾-inch-thick plywood to the door. (On a hollow-core door, use screws and construction adhesive.) Then mount as many hooks or racks as you'd like.

Know When It Pays

■ **SHOULD YOU FIX OR REPLACE A WATER HEATER?** A water heater's life expectancy is ten to 15 years. A small repair will cost at least 10 percent of the cost of replacement; 20 to 30 percent is more likely. If yours is ten years old, replacement is usually smarter. Even if it's just eight years old, consider a new one.

■ **SHOULD YOU FILE A CLAIM WITH YOUR INSURANCE COMPANY?** Don't file if it's worth less than $1,000 over your deductible. Paying for a smaller loss yourself will almost always cost less than the premium increases you'll face later.

■ **WILL NEW WINDOWS HELP CUT HEATING COSTS?** Replacing your old leakers will lower your heating bills. But in most homes, the energy savings alone won't justify the high up-front costs. Other factors—draft stopping, appearance, easy operation—are usually better reasons to swap windows.

■ **IS NEW INSULATION A GOOD INVESTMENT?** It can be—or it can be an expensive mistake. First contact your utility company about an energy audit. It can recommend an auditor and may pay part of the cost. (Audits take two to three hours and cost $250 to $400.) The auditor will visit your home, perform some tests, and give advice on saving energy, including replacing insulation if needed.

DON'T FILE AN INSURANCE CLAIM IF THE DAMAGE IS LESS THAN $1,000 OVER YOUR DEDUCTIBLE.

WANT TO GIVE BURGLARS EASY ACCESS TO YOUR HOUSE WHILE YOU TRAVEL? KEEP THE GARAGE DOOR UNLOCKED.

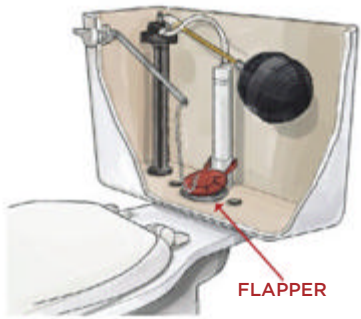
Prep for Vacation Wisely

■ **TO PREVENT FLOODING, TURN OFF THE MAIN WATER VALVE** Every insurance adjuster has a hundred stories like this: The homeowners left town Friday and returned Sunday evening to find thousands of dollars in water damage. The moral is simple: Before going on vacation, turn off that main valve. In less than a minute, you can eliminate the most common cause of home damage.

■ **FOR BETTER SECURITY, LOCK THE GARAGE DOOR** Some people "lock" the garage door by unplugging the opener. But physically locking the door is even better. An unplugged opener won't stop, say, a burglar who has entered through the house from opening the garage door from the inside, backing in a van, and using the garage as a loading dock for his plunder. Make a burglar's job more difficult by locking the garage door itself. If your door doesn't have a lockable latch, drill a hole in the track just above one of the rollers and slip in a padlock.

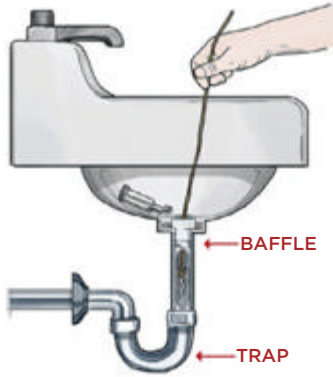
Fix Your Own Plumbing

■ **STOP A RUNNING TOILET** The most common cause is a worn flapper that no longer seals properly, allowing water to constantly seep into the bowl. Press lightly on the flapper with a yardstick. If the sound



of running water stops, you know that the problem is related to the flapper. Before you replace it, run your finger around the opening that the flapper rests on. Mineral deposits on the rim could be preventing the flapper from sealing. In that case, scrubbing the deposits with an abrasive sponge may solve the problem. If it doesn't, replace the flapper.

■ **UNCLOG A SINK** In kitchen sinks, there's a baffle just above the trap that directs water down the drain. But that baffle is also a notorious

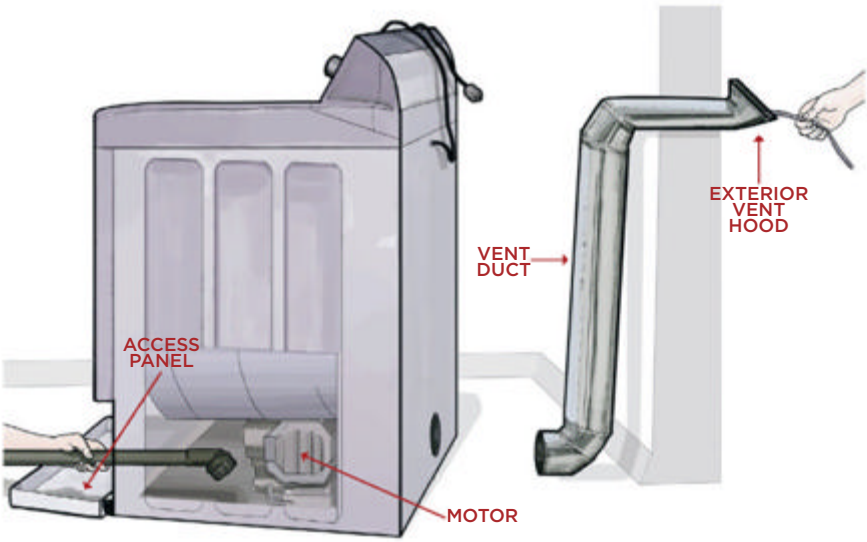


clog causer, especially if you frequently use the garbage disposal. Bend a coat hanger or other stiff wire, and slip it down the drain. When you feel the wire hook onto the baffle, jiggle it to dislodge the clog. You can also use this trick for bathroom sinks, tubs, and showers.

Prevent Big Problems

■ **DON'T NEGLECT THE DRYER VENT** You already know about cleaning the lint trap after every use. But once a year, you should also clean lint from inside the dryer cabinet and vent duct. (Lint buildup is one of the most common causes of home fires.) Unplug the dryer, turn off the gas valve if your model has one, and pry off the access panel. Vacuum inside the cabinet, especially around the motor and gas burner or electric heating element. You can disassemble the vent duct and clean it by hand or simply disconnect the vent from the dryer and feed a vent brush into it from the outside of your home.

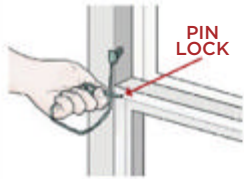
■ **CHECK YOUR SHUTOFF VALVES** A cracked pipe or burst hose can do thousands of dollars of damage in minutes. Shutoff valves can stop the flow of water instantly. They're typically located under sinks and toilets, behind the washing machine, and above the water heater. Shutoffs for tubs and showers are often hidden behind a wood or plastic access panel (often on the wall behind the faucet in an adjoining closet or hallway). Your main valve—which shuts off water to your entire house—may



be indoors or out. Shutoff valves can go unused for years, and mineral deposits can make them impossible to close. So it's a good idea to make sure yours work. If you have standard valves, turn the handle clockwise. If you have ball-type valves, crank the lever one-quarter turn. Ball valves rarely fail, but it's good to check anyway.

■ **REINFORCE DOORS** Burglars don't usually pick door locks—it takes them too long. Instead, they kick or pry the door open. The dead bolt usually survives that brute force, but the door or strike plate gives way. Prevent your door from splitting with an edge guard (available at home centers). Remove the dead bolt, slip the guard over the door, screw it on, and reinstall the dead bolt. Larger models back up both the dead bolt and the doorknob.

■ **SECURE WINDOWS** The latches on most double-hungs are no match for a burglar with a pry bar. Cheap pin locks are much tougher. To install one, all you have to do is drill a hole. Most crank-open casement windows are a little harder to pry open, but it's a good idea to add locks to them too. Find special casement locks and latches online. R



For an easy guide to how to fix anything and everything, get the book *100 Things Every Homeowner Must Know* ($24.99, wherever books are sold).

YEARBOOK SUPERLATIVES FOR THE NEW GENERATION

■ Most Likely to Open an Etsy Homemade-Scarf Shop

■ Most Likely to Hold More than One Impractical Master's Degree

■ Most Likely to Start Taking Improv Classes at the Age of 35

■ Most Likely to Own and Operate a Food Truck in Austin, Texas

■ Future TED Talker

Rachel Klein on McSweeney's Internet Tendency

Laughter

THE BEST MEDICINE

"I could've sworn we were surrounded by water!"

A SCOTTISH MOTHER visits her son in his New York City apartment and asks, "How do you find the Americans, Donald?"

"Mother," says Donald, "they're such noisy people. One neighbor won't stop banging his head against the wall, while the other screams and screams all night long."

"Oh, Donald! How do you manage to put up with them?"

"What can I do? I just lie in bed quietly, playing my bagpipes."

Submitted by **NOAH JORGENSEN,** *Silsbee, Texas*

I WORK OUT RELIGIOUSLY—Christmas and Easter. *Submitted by comedian* **MATTHEW WOHLFARTH**

A ZOOKEEPER is ordering new animals. As he fills out the forms, he

ILLUSTRATION BY CHRIS CATER

types "two mongeese." That doesn't look right, so he tries "two mongoose," then "two mongooses." Giving up, he types, "One mongoose, and while you're at it, send another one."

Submitted by **M. S.,** *via Internet*

WE CAN'T ALL LIVE on a street with a pleasant name like Oak or Elm. Here are the least popular street names (that we hope don't exist):

- Drinkand Dr.
- Vicious Circle
- West 943,185th Street
- Psycho Path
- Peoples Ct.
- Nofriggin Way

From humorlabs.com

THE LAUGH FACTORY in Los Angeles invited comedians from around the globe to join its Funniest Person in the World Contest. Here are some finalists:

- In Paris, I am driving a Smart car, you know, the very tiny one. But I don't do it much, because it's too dangerous. I could get run over by a pedestrian. **MUSTAPHA EL ATRASSI,** *France*
- Have you noticed that all bottled water has the "best before" date printed on it? The water has circled the earth for four billion years ... but now it's ruined?

ISMO LEIKOLA, *Finland*

- This is the tenth anniversary of my comedy career. It's also the anniversary of my father begging me not to do comedy.

NITIN MIRANI, *United Arab Emirates*

SEPARATED AT BIRTH

There's a fine line between animal and animal magnetism, as these uncanny resemblances prove:

Cher

Afghan hound

Rihanna

Llama

Homer Simpson

Stargazer fish

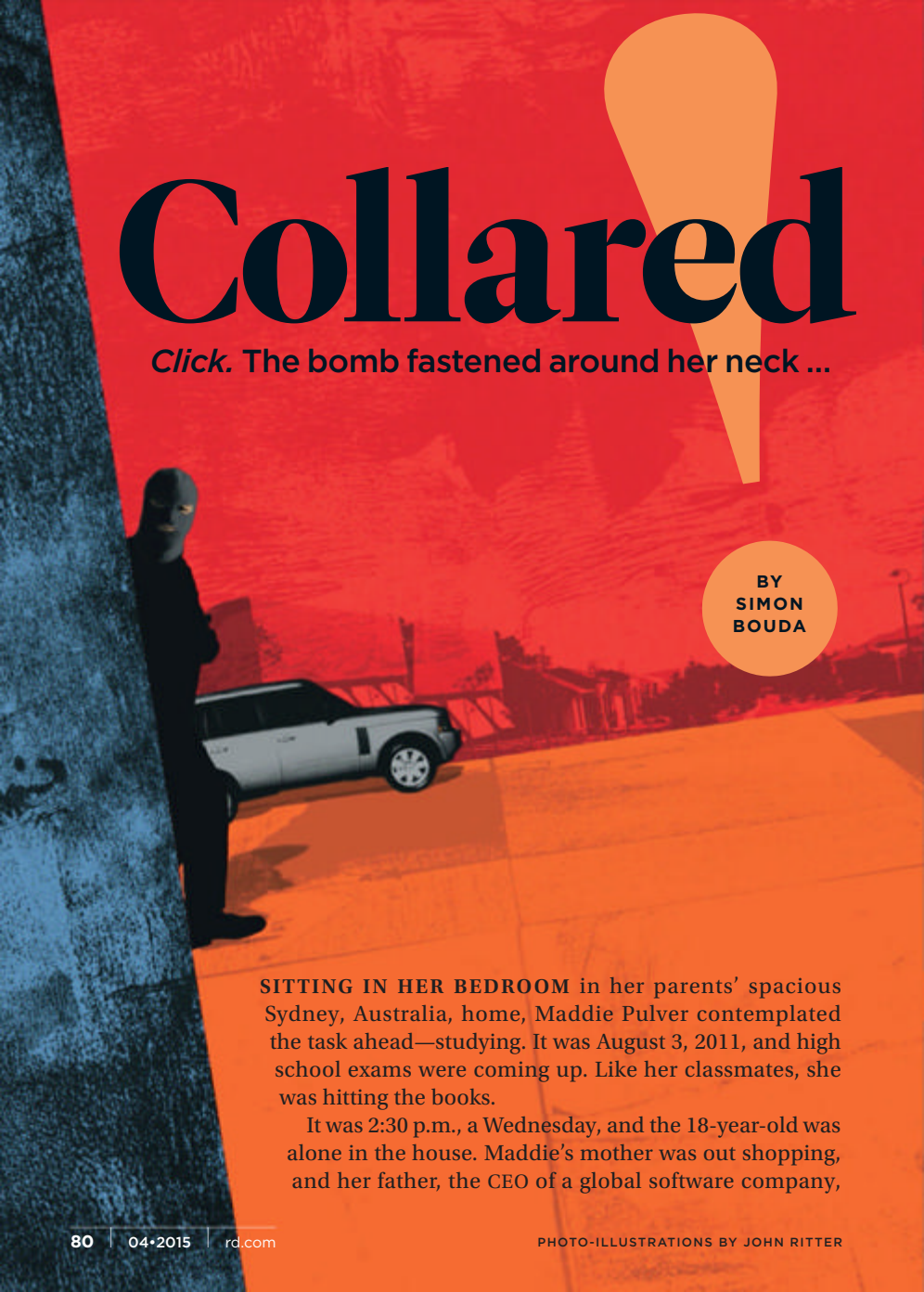
Do you have a gag that resembles something funny? Send it to us; we'll pay $$$ if we run it. Go to rd.com/submit for details.

FROM TOP LEFT: FRANK MICELOTTA/GETTY IMAGES, DEAGOSTINI/GETTY IMAGES, FRANCOIS DURAND/GETTY IMAGES, NICK SKINNER/REX USA, INFOPHOTO.COM/CORBIS, JEFFREY ROTMAN/CORBIS

Collared

Click. The bomb fastened around her neck ...

BY SIMON BOUDA



SITTING IN HER BEDROOM in her parents' spacious Sydney, Australia, home, Maddie Pulver contemplated the task ahead—studying. It was August 3, 2011, and high school exams were coming up. Like her classmates, she was hitting the books.

It was 2:30 p.m., a Wednesday, and the 18-year-old was alone in the house. Maddie's mother was out shopping, and her father, the CEO of a global software company,

PHOTO-ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN RITTER

Maddie Pulver's home invasion triggered an international manhunt from Australia to Louisville, Kentucky.

was at work; her two younger brothers were at school, and her older brother was on vacation. From her bedroom desk, Maddie could gaze out across Sydney Harbor, but this was a time for concentration, not daydreaming.

Suddenly, Maddie heard a noise behind her. She turned to find a man standing in her bedroom doorway wearing a rainbow-colored balaclava. He was armed with an aluminum baseball bat and wore a small black backpack. The intruder had entered the multimillion-dollar home through the unlocked front door.

"I am not going to hurt you," he declared.

Maddie leaped from her chair and backed away, toward her bed. "What do you want?" she demanded.

Placing his baseball bat and backpack on the bed, the man simply warned, "No one needs to get hurt."

He opened the backpack and removed a black metal box the size of a small laptop. Holding it against Maddie's throat, he secured it around her neck with a bicycle lock. He then placed a loop of purple string over her head. Attached to it were a USB flash drive and a plastic sleeve with a document inside. A label with a typed e-mail address, dirkstruan1840@gmail.com, was stuck to the box around her neck.

Turning to leave, the man told Maddie to "count to 200. I'll be back. If you move, I can see you. I'll be right here."

Terrified, Maddie remained still. After a few moments, she called out for help. Silence. She called out again. Nothing.

With the device strapped to her neck, Maddie moved slowly toward her cell phone. Without daring to jolt the contraption, she texted her mother and father, asking them to call the police. Only then did Maddie remove the document from the plastic sleeve attached to the string. When she glimpsed the word *explosives,* she burst into tears.

"Powerful new technology plastic explosives are located inside the small black combination case delivered to you," read the letter. "The case is booby-trapped. It can ONLY be opened safely if you follow the instructions. If you disclose these Instructions to any Federal or State agency, the Police or FBI, or to any non-family member, it will trigger an immediate BRIAN DOUGLAS WELLS event. You will be provided with detailed Remittance Instructions to transfer a Defined Sum once you acknowledge and confirm receipt of this message. If the Remittance Instructions are executed CORRECTLY, I will immediately provide you with the combination that can open the case WITHOUT triggering a BRIAN DOUGLAS WELLS event and an internal key to completely disable the explosive mechanisms embedded inside. CONFIRM receipt of these Instructions by CONTACTING: dirkstruan1840@gmail.com."

Brian Douglas Wells was a pizza

deliveryman duped by a gang in 2003 in Pennsylvania. They put a collar time bomb around his neck and ordered him to rob a bank. Wells did as he was told, but when he was leaving the bank, police turned up. The bomb went off with catastrophic consequences.

out on the street, so Constable Karen Lowden took on the task of trying to comfort the terrified teen. She asked about the upcoming exams, Maddie's art studies, her hobbies ... anything to keep their minds off the horrible predicament while bomb squad technicians determined what sort

"The case is booby-trapped," read the letter. "It can only be opened safely if you follow instructions."

But Maddie Pulver had no idea what a "Brian Douglas Wells event" was. She was also unaware that Dirk Struan—the name used for the e-mail address—was the main character in James Clavell's novel *Tai-Pan*.

Struan was the "Tai-Pan"—the leader—a wealthy, violent, and shrewd head of a trading company in China who was hell-bent on destroying his rivals.

THE AUSTRALIAN police had never seen a case like this before. Arriving soon after 2:45 p.m., officers immediately sealed off the street and set up roadblocks to divert traffic, curious neighbors, and the media.

Inside the house, they found Maddie sobbing. To take the weight off her neck, she was holding the box with her hands. Police had kept her parents at a mobile command post

of explosive they were dealing with. Portable X-ray equipment showed that the box was filled with mechanical and electrical components. But police couldn't be sure if there were explosives or not.

Meanwhile, the police decided to respond to the extortionist and carefully crafted a short, simple reply, which Maddie's father would send. At around 6 p.m., he e-mailed the address attached to the black metal box: "Hi, my name is Bill. I am the father of the girl you strapped the device to. What do you want me to do next?"

As police and Maddie's family waited for a reply that never came, the extortion note was sent through forensic examination for fingerprints, and detectives questioned neighbors and friends, trying to piece together what had happened.

Then at 11:00—a breakthrough. After analyzing X-rays and receiving

advice from military experts, the bomb squad concluded that the device did not contain explosives and posed no threat. The collar bomb was cut off Maddie. Her nearly nine hours of hell were over.

But where was the would-be extortionist?

Range Rover. Although the license plates were illegible, detectives had an image of the man who'd gotten out of the SUV and entered the library.

Maddie had told police her attacker wasn't young. She had noticed gray chest hair as he reached around her to attach the collar box. Through

> **They had enough to bring Peters in, except for one thing—he had already fled the country.**

ALMOST IMMEDIATELY after being handed the note, police contacted Google's head office in the United States to determine if the Gmail account had been accessed. The Internet giant scanned its database records and told detectives that the account, dirk struan1840@gmail.com, had been created on May 30 from an Internet server linked to Chicago's O'Hare Airport.

That night, Google's data revealed the e-mail account had been logged on to three times that afternoon—twice from a computer at a library a few hours north of Sydney and a third time from a nearby video store.

Because Google could tell the detectives the precise times someone had used the account, police were able to view the library's parking lot security video and pinpoint the arrival of a possible suspect and the car he was driving, a metallic gold

the eyeholes in his balaclava, she'd seen wrinkles. She'd guessed he was between 55 and 60. The man in the video fit the description and wore a collared shirt and trousers similar to what Maddie remembered.

Then, by checking motor vehicle records, they systematically checked the registration details of each possible Range Rover with driver's license photos of their owners. Within 48 hours of getting hold of the library footage, they had a name—Paul Douglas Peters.

With that name, detectives were able to follow a money trail, providing more links to the crime. Peters's bank records showed that he'd made purchases at a clothing and sporting goods store in the weeks before Maddie was attacked. Footage from the shopping center showed him buying a baseball bat and a rainbow-colored balaclava.

Police also learned that Peters had degrees in economics and law; he was a businessman, father of three, and self-proclaimed author. He'd planned the elaborate extortion piece by piece, like writing a novel.

They had enough to bring him in for questioning, except for one thing—Peters had already fled the country. Security footage and immigration records showed the 52-year-old Australian passing through Sydney Airport en route to Los Angeles on August 8. Flight records showed Peters then caught a connecting flight to Chicago, before flying to Louisville, Kentucky.

Twelve days after the attack on Maddie, on August 15, an FBI team stormed the Kentucky home of Peters's ex-wife, where they found Peters. There on a table was a James Clavell novel—*Tai-Pan.*

Detective Sergeant Andrew Marks flew from Australia to Louisville to question Peters. In a room at FBI headquarters, he chipped away at the suspect.

Marks: "Is there anything you want to tell me about the extortion, the kidnapping, and the bomb placed around young Madeleine Pulver's neck on the third of August?"

Peters: "No."

Marks: "Are you responsible?"

Peters: "No."

Marks: "Do you know anything about an e-mail address with that name, Dirk Struan?"

Peters: "Yes."

Marks: "What can you tell me about that?"

Peters: "I had a ... or had set up an e-mail address with ... Dirk Struan."

Marks then asked about the USB flash drive that had been attached to the collar bomb. Forensic examination had unearthed three deleted files. One was a Word file that was a letter of demand in the same terms as the saved file and the hard-copy document in the plastic sleeve placed around Maddie's neck. The analysis of the Word file revealed that it had been created on a computer identified as "Paul P."

Peters was unable to explain why

Paul Peters had left the financial industry to write a novel about revenge.

SOURCE PHOTO: HANDOUT/GETTY IMAGES

Bill Pulver, here with Maddie and his wife, Belinda, said of his daughter, "Maddie is a very, very special young lady who has handled herself with incredible poise."

or how the document had been on a "Paul P" computer. He claimed it was "a horrible, horrible coincidence."

During questioning, Peters talked about a James M. Cox Trust, claiming he had $12 million tied up in it. Another of the three deleted files on the USB drive contained a letter of demand addressed specifically to the trustee of the trust. It indicated that perhaps Maddie wasn't the intended target of the extortion plan, that the masked intruder had meant to target a neighbor who was a beneficiary of the trust. Marks handed Peters a copy of the deleted document.

Marks: "Have you seen that note before?"

Peters: "I have no comment."

PAUL DOUGLAS PETERS was soon on a plane back to Australia to face charges of aggravated breaking and entry and kidnapping. Despite his initial denials, Peters pleaded guilty to the crime, although he never did explain why he targeted Maddie.

During the sentencing, the prosecutor described the extortion attempt as "urban terrorism, which would strike fear into the heart of every parent."

SOURCE PHOTO: ROSS SCHULTZ/NEWSPIX

But Peters's legal team tried to build a case suggesting that he was suffering a psychotic episode at the time he attacked Maddie. They insisted Peters had become obsessed with a novel he'd been writing and was "living" the role of a main character.

Forensic psychiatrists agreed that Peters did suffer depression and overused alcohol after the collapse of his business and his divorce. One said he had a bipolar disorder.

But the judge wasn't convinced.

"The weight of evidence establishes beyond reasonable doubt that the offender set into action a plan to extort money," Judge Peter Zahra said. "There are limitations to which the extent of the terror experienced by the victim can be humanly understood."

A year after his arrest, Peters was sentenced to 13 years and six months in prison.

Outside the court, Maddie faced the media.

"I am pleased with today's outcome and that I can now look to a future without Paul Peters's name being linked to mine," Maddie said. "For me, it was never about the sentencing but to know he will not reoffend, and it was good to hear the judge acknowledge the trauma he's put my family and me through."

It's a saga her mother, Belinda, sums up best: "We've realized what's important in life. We don't worry about the small things now." R

PERSONAL ESSAY

For Mom's 75th, we were shocked by what she *really* wanted

My Mother's Simple Birthday Wish

KELLY CORRIGAN ***is the*** **New York Times** ***bestselling author of the memoir*** **Glitter and Glue.**

BY KELLY CORRIGAN FROM MEDIUM.COM

MY MOTHER TURNED 75 THIS PAST FALL. One night a few months before, I'd asked her what we could give her that she would really like.

"Maybe something big, that all three of us can go in on?" I encouraged, knowing that my brothers and I would cough up whatever it cost while also suspecting that any gift she might think up would be of a piece with birthdays past, bath salts or a wrinkle cream she'd saved a coupon for or possibly something mysterious but affordable like 2001's request for a paraffin wax bath (for "softer, more youthful hands").

"I know exactly what I want from you kids," she said, like

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE MCKENDRY

PHOTOGRAPH BY NICK FERRARI

she'd loaded this gun a month ago.

"Really?" I went from eager-to-please to anxious. What if she was thinking a trip to Hawaii? A bathroom remodel? A new sedan? Had my magnanimous phrasing put us all in a corner? (Was I a jerk already?)

"Absolutely." She nodded in that way she does when she is dead sure (a not-infrequent state).

She seemed to be waiting for me to ask again, so I did. "Well?"

"If there is any problem that you or your brothers have that I can help with, I would like to know about it."

Astonishing. What a woman. She lives to serve. Oh, that I could have an ounce of her Marine-devotion.

"God, Mom. You're killing me here," I said, holding out my arms so she could see the raised hairs.

She put her finger up to indicate that she was not quite finished.

"And if there's any problem that you or your brothers have that there is nothing what-so-ever," she said, punching out each syllable, "that I can do to change, I would like to *not* know about it."

Astonishing. What a woman. Oh, that I could be that clearheaded and direct about my own needs.

"You're amazing."

Astonishing. What a woman. Oh, that I could be that clearheaded and direct.

"Listen, Kelly," she said as if I didn't already understand her at a visceral level, having parented for a mere 13 years, "I've been a mother since 1964, and ..." She looked out the window, searching for words to characterize that experience, but there were none. "And, well, I would like to stop worrying and get some sleep."

Oh, Ma. I got you.

I will spare you casual mentions and long-form reports about bad backs, new cysts, dustups at work, dollars lost in the stock market, sewage trouble in the basement, parties the girls were not invited to. I'll stick to the 30,000-foot view—of the girls (who are really doing fine, come to think of it), of Edward's life at the new start-up (which might actually make it), and of my health, which is (knock wood) currently perfect.

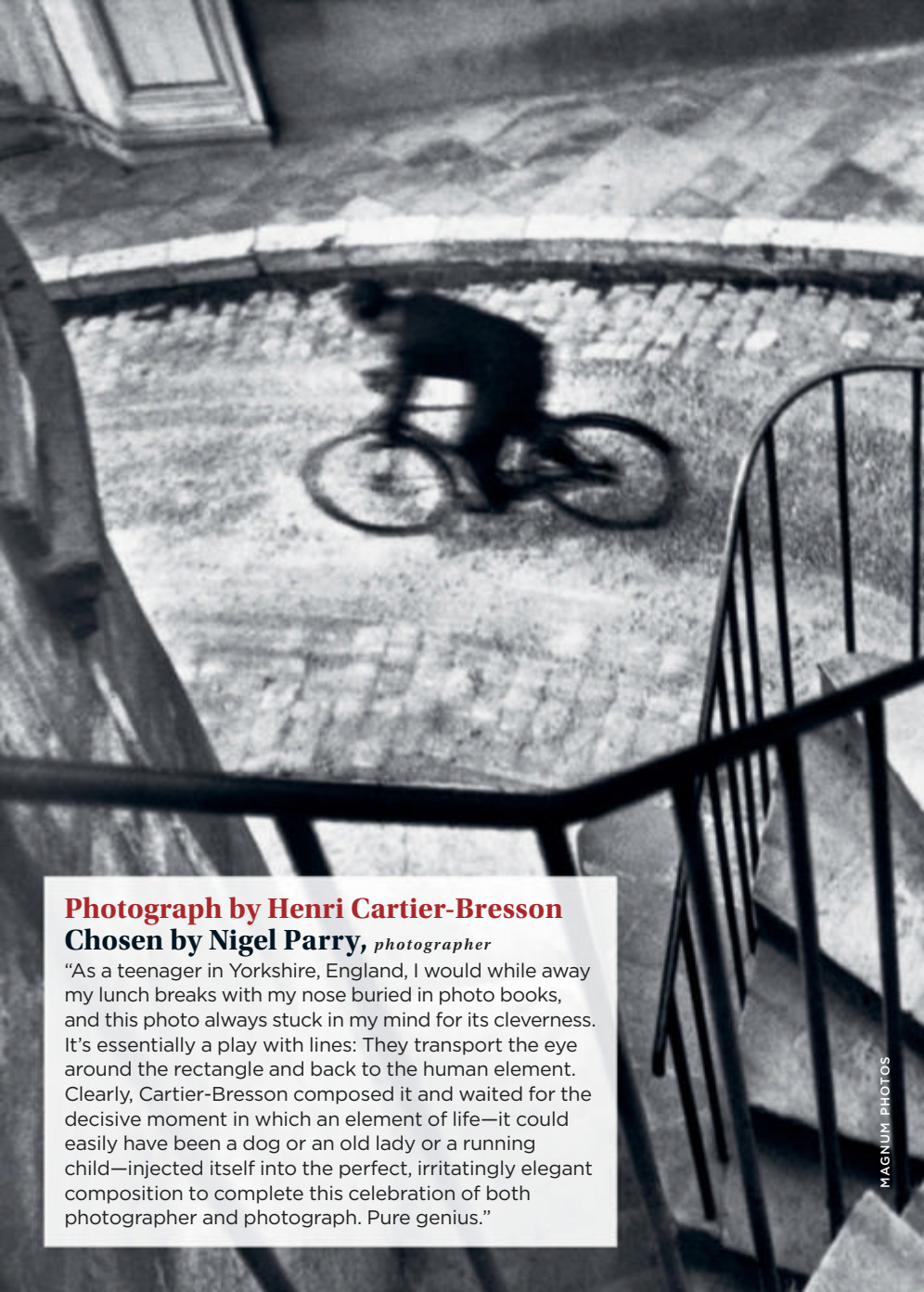
You've carried us long enough. As of your 75th birthday, your status shifts to Matrem Emeritus, a mother retired with highest merits. Take off your glasses, your tight shoes, your damn bra. Pour some jug wine over ice, mute the phone, and open a book. And when sleep comes, let it. You've done fine, fine work, Ma. Nobody could have done more.

Happy Birthday.

PROP STYLIST: MEGUMI EMOTO FOR ANDERSON HOPKINS

COPYRIGHT © 2014 BY KELLY CORRIGAN. MEDIUM.COM (SEPTEMBER 24, 2014).

NOTE: Ads were removed from this edition. Please continue to page 96.



Photograph by Henri Cartier-Bresson

Chosen by Nigel Parry, *photographer*

"As a teenager in Yorkshire, England, I would while away my lunch breaks with my nose buried in photo books, and this photo always stuck in my mind for its cleverness. It's essentially a play with lines: They transport the eye around the rectangle and back to the human element. Clearly, Cartier-Bresson composed it and waited for the decisive moment in which an element of life—it could easily have been a dog or an old lady or a running child—injected itself into the perfect, irritatingly elegant composition to complete this celebration of both photographer and photograph. Pure genius."

MAGNUM PHOTOS

PHOTO
OF LASTING INTEREST

Most people don't survive a dying heart or a brain-eating amoeba. These five were extraordinarily lucky.

Miracles That Stunned Doctors

BY GRETCHEN VOSS

The Church That Cured Cancer

It's hard to say which was in worse shape: the run-down century-old church or the cancer-ridden 56-year-old man perched on its crumbling steps.

For years, Greg Thomas would sit on those very steps and pray when he walked his dogs along the country lanes in rural Minnesota. But in May 2009, he learned that the searing headaches, earaches, and jaw aches that had plagued him for the past year were due to inoperable head and neck cancer. It had progressed so far that the doctors told Greg's family to start planning his funeral.

"I was sitting at the church one evening, pouring my heart out to God," Greg says. "I kept looking at the building and the shape it was in. I said, 'Before I leave this earth, Lord, I'd like to do something for you.'"

Greg decided that that something was to fix the peeling paint and the

PHOTOGRAPHS BY AMANDA FRIEDMAN

As the church began to shine again, so did Greg Thomas's health.

leaking roof, the mangled steps and the rotting floorboards. He approached the church's association with a deal: He would completely repair the building on one condition: "That I get a key to the front door so I can go in anytime I want to worship." He warned that it would be slow going—he had just gone through three rounds of chemotherapy along with 40 sessions of radiation and had lost 66 pounds. They said yes anyway.

Incredibly, as Greg scraped paint and replaced boards, he felt himself growing stronger every day. The more he worked on the church, the better he felt—he didn't even need the strong prescription pain meds his doctor had prescribed. "My oncologist was blown away," Greg says. "She said, 'Whatever you're doing, keep on doing it.'"

As Greg continued to rehabilitate the church, medical scans revealed some startling news: His tumors were shrinking. Four years and 23 days after Greg's diagnosis, his doctors were able to remove his feeding tube—the one they'd said he would have for the rest of his life—and he ate solid food again. Today, Greg's tumors are gone. He is considered officially in remission and no longer needs follow-up tests.

And the church? After five years of Greg's labor and love, it has been restored to its former glory too. Greg finished his main project this past summer, but he will probably always be involved in maintaining its beauty (he still wants to replace some windows, for example). Greg held his third-annual open house there near Christmas, inviting the entire community. "While I was restoring the church," Greg says, "God was restoring me."

The Heart That Healed Itself

He had been throwing up for four days. But clearly, this was not a mere stomach bug.

On August 17, 2012, 23-year-old Michael Crowe "froze up"—eyes open and staring into space—on the couch. He quickly snapped to, but when it happened again a few minutes later, his mother rushed him to the local emergency room.

There they learned that Michael was in real trouble. His heart was pumping out blood at just 25 percent, an alarmingly low rate. By the time he was transferred to Nebraska Medical Center in Omaha an hour later, it was down to 10 percent. A virus was causing acute myocarditis, inflammation of the heart muscle. If it got worse, he would need a heart transplant. With Michael's family surrounding his bed, the doctors asked him to sign papers—while he still could—for that transplant. "They said I had only a 30 percent chance that my heart would recover," Michael says. "I remember thinking, I can take those odds. I haven't won

the lottery yet, I'm Irish, I'm due for some luck. I was strangely calm."

His doctors, however, were not. "His heart failure was so bad," says his cardiologist, Eugenia Raichlin, MD. "The rate of mortality is huge." They immediately hooked him up to an ECMO, an external heart and lung machine, to pump his blood while his heart couldn't. But it was a short-term fix, and Michael's health continued to decline. Spiking fevers led to convulsions; ice cooled him but dropped his oxygen levels. "It was a balancing game just to keep me stable," Michael says.

He desperately needed a heart transplant.

For 17 days they waited, while Michael's condition continued to worsen. His heart stopped twice—once for an entire day (being hooked up to the ECMO machine prevented him from dying). Doctors had to fend off blood clots and excess bleeding.

At 6:30 in the morning on Labor Day, Michael's doctors got the phone call everyone had been waiting for: A heart would be available that night. But a few hours later, they made a devastating discovery. Michael had developed a blood infection; a transplant would be too dangerous.

As Michael's family despaired, Dr. Raichlin noticed something unusual: His blood pressure, which should have remained constant because of the heart-lung machine, was actually rising. She ordered a test, which revealed that the left side of his heart was working at near-normal capacity. Unbelieving, she ordered another. Again, the same astounding results.

After four days hooked up to a different machine that assisted only the right side of his heart, Michael no longer needed a transplant. His heart had completely, miraculously healed itself, his body eradicating the virus on its own. "He overcame everything," Dr. Raichlin says. "He was very debilitated, but he rebuilt himself."

Many patients with Michael's condition die, or get a heart transplant, or survive but have permanent heart tissue damage. But today, as Michael works through his third year of pharmacy school, his heart is in perfect shape. "I'm so grateful that I got a second chance at life," he says.

Battling a Deadly Brain-Eating Amoeba

Fight like a girl. That's what 12-year-old Kali Hardig's parents told her on Friday, July 19, 2013.

There was nothing else to say. It was impossible to believe that just the day before her crushing headache and relentless nausea started, Kali and two pals had been giddily playing king of the hill at a water park near Benton, Arkansas. It was there, doctors told the devastated parents, that Kali must have gotten water infected with a brain-eating amoeba up her nose. The creature then traveled along her

olfactory nerve and into her brain, where it began feasting on her brain tissue—a condition called primary amoebic meningoencephalitis. The doctors said it was about 99 percent fatal—only two people in North America had ever survived. "We had to tell her parents that it was very likely she would not be alive in 48 hours," says Matt Linam, MD, the infectious disease specialist who treated her.

Still, doctors at Arkansas Children's Hospital jumped into action, pumping Kali's body full of antifungals and antibiotics as well as a rare, unapproved German drug they got from the CDC; lowering her body's temperature to 93 degrees and putting her in a medically induced coma in an attempt to reduce brain swelling; and hooking her up to a ventilator, then a dialysis machine for her failed kidneys. For two weeks, Kali's medical team worked around the clock just trying to keep her alive—a complex balance of preventing low blood pressure and stopping episodes of high blood pressure that worsened brain swelling.

"We had good hours and bad hours, not days," says Dr. Linam. Slowly Kali's brain swelling stabilized. Doctors decreased her sedation and increased her body temperature, unsure if she would be the same little girl when—or if—she woke up. "We just didn't know," Dr. Linam says, "but two days later, she did a thumbs-up, and her parents knew she was still in there."

Kali would be in the hospital for eight weeks, relearning the most basic of functions, like swallowing. But eventually she officially became survivor number three. Kali is now a healthy, normal, 13-year-old girl.

Doctors don't know exactly why she lived. (A 12-year-old Florida boy, diagnosed days after Kali, received the same German medicine but didn't survive.) "Number one, it was God's grace," Dr. Linam says. "Other than that, it was countless little things that went her way, countless little miracles that happened every day and made the difference between life and death."

The Role of a Lifetime

The silent killer. That's what doctors call an abdominal aortic aneurysm (AAA).

The extremely dangerous condition—in which the main blood vessel shuttling blood to the abdomen, pelvis, and legs enlarges—can balloon up for years without any symptoms. But if the aneurysm bursts, it is often fatal.

Pretending to have this silent killer was Jim Malloy's assignment as a "medical actor" one day in February 2013. Over the years, Jim, then a 75-year-old retired engineer, had faked all manner of medical maladies so that students at the University of Virginia School of Medicine could practice diagnosing him. Really, it was just a fun part-time retirement job.

When Ryan Jones, a third-year medical student, walked into the

room, Jim followed his script for an AAA: He complained of lightheadedness and stomach pain. But when Ryan pushed down on the center of Jim's abdomen, he was shocked to feel a pulsing mass—it appeared to be an actual aneurysm.

"I stepped quickly back, confused," Ryan says. "I tried to get Mr. Malloy to break character and tell me that he knew he had an aneurysm. But he wouldn't."

Ryan's attending physician told Jim that he should see a cardiologist, but it was hard for Jim to take seriously. "I didn't think I had any symptoms," Jim says. He felt totally fine, and he had gotten a clean bill of health from his primary care doctor two weeks earlier.

When he did get an ultrasound, it showed that his AAA measured six centimeters—with the potential to rupture. Doctors immediately scheduled surgery and inserted a stent to deflate the aneurysm, saving his life. "I had no idea anything was going on, and I would have just gone about my business," Jim says. "I'd probably be dead."

Ryan, who will start his residency in radiation oncology this year, agrees. "It was an amazing coincidence that he was volunteering for that case. If he had been pretending to have anything else, I wouldn't have done that part of the exam, and I wouldn't have found it," Ryan says. "He was in the right place at the right time."

Perhaps no one is more aware of this lifesaving good fortune than Jim's wife, Louise. "Soon after Jim's surgery, I met two women whose husbands bled out and died from an AAA," she says. "We are so grateful to Ryan."

Examining an actor playing a patient, Ryan Jones didn't expect to save his life.

Cradling four-month-old Taily, Ruby is grateful to return to her family.

She Was "Dead" for 45 Minutes

They literally ran her back to the operating room.

Forty-year-old Ruby Graupera-Cassimiro had just had a completely normal C-section, giving birth to a beautiful baby girl on September 23. But when her medical team moved her to the recovery room, she fell unconscious. Suddenly, Ruby—now a mother of two—was in full cardiac arrest.

Jordan Knurr, MD, her anesthesiologist at Boca Raton Regional Hospital in Florida, immediately intubated Ruby so a machine could breathe for her. He called a code, and about a dozen other doctors and nurses crowded into the room, frantically giving advanced cardiac life support. "For more than two hours, she was having life-threatening heartbeats," Dr. Knurr says. Most scary was when Ruby had a pulseless rhythm—her heart was beating but not pumping any blood throughout her body—and doctors delivered constant CPR compressions for 45 minutes straight to try to get her heart working normally again.

After about two hours, her doctors knew there was no hope. They brought her extended family into the room to say goodbye. After Ruby's family returned to the waiting room, where they, along with a few nurses, frantically prayed on their knees for a different outcome, the doctors stopped pumping her chest. They were ready to call her time of death.

"I was seconds away from turning off the ventilation machine when one of the nurses shouted, 'Stop!'" Dr. Knurr says. "Without any medicine or CPR, Ruby's heart began to beat on its own for the first time in two hours. It is just indescribable."

It turned out that some amniotic fluid had leaked into the uterus and traveled through Ruby's bloodstream and to her heart. Called an amniotic fluid embolism, it causes an air block in the heart and prevents blood from flowing. "These embolisms are rare, and we don't know a lot about them," Dr. Knurr says. "Usually the patient passes away or has significant brain damage." (Her doctors don't know what happened to the amniotic debris; they assume it dissolved on its own.)

Not only did Ruby live, but "she is in perfect health. It's almost as if this never happened," says Dr. Knurr. "It's a miracle. I'm not a highly religious person, but you just don't see this happen." The next morning, Ruby's breathing tube was removed. Four days later, she walked out of the hospital with her newborn daughter, Taily—without even a broken rib from all the chest compressions.

"Someone else was running the show that day; there's no doubt in my mind," Ruby says today. "I don't know why God chose me, but I know he gave me this life again for a reason." R

HAIR AND MAKEUP: PAOLA ORLANDO FOR ARTISTS BY TIMOTHY PRIANO

A TABLE Set with KINDNESS

In a theater basement, I learned a lesson in generosity that I'll never forget

EMILY WINSLOW *is an American novelist living in England, telling stories of psychological suspense. She still enjoys the theater—from a seat in the audience.*

BY EMILY WINSLOW FROM QUEST FOR KINDNESS

FRESH OUT OF ACTING SCHOOL, I got a short-term job with a touring theater company. The terms were ridiculous: $300 for a month's work away from home, to be paid at the end of that month. Only one meal a day would be provided; for the rest, we were on our own. We depended on cheap food from convenience stores that could be stored and prepared in a hotel room. Did you know that you can cook ramen noodles in a coffeepot? I also learned that you can eat Pop-Tarts without toasting them and that you can live on Cheez-Its.

The first of our venues was a lovely, sprawling resort. I don't know what had happened between the staff and the previous theater company, but we could sense the bad feeling when we arrived. The waitstaff despised us from the start. They withheld utensils from us at dinner, while our one-meal-for-the-day cooled. The owner invited our company to eat Thanksgiving dinner in the restaurant because we were far from home, but the staff refused to let us in. It was ugly.

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE MCKENDRY (WINSLOW)

ILLUSTRATION BY YANN KEBBI

When we arrived at the second venue, the Valencia Ballroom in York, Pennsylvania, our first order of business was to reblock the show for the new stage. While we practiced, I saw in my peripheral vision a table being set. I panicked. It was midday—which meant that they were serving us lunch. Sandwiches were better than Pop-Tarts and ramen, but getting lunch would mean no hot dinner. We really counted on that being our hot meal of the day.

We were called over to eat. The table was beautifully set, with a linen cloth and origami-folded napkins. The sandwiches were elaborate and generous, along with heaps of potato chips and pitchers of cold drinks. It was so nicely done. How could we complain in the face of it? Afterward, I took the headwaiter aside and expressed our preference for our one meal to be dinner.

Our dinner would be at six, he told me. He added that the "one meal a day" clause in our contract was nonsense and that for the entire run of the show, the venue would be giving us lunch and dinner daily.

We returned at six, grateful and nervous because this still seemed too good to be true. Our table was downstairs, away from the audience but set as beautifully as an audience table. We sat down to table linens and folded napkins again, and because it was dinner, we had multiple forks for courses and side plates for salad. Potpourri simmered in a chafing dish.

We were served by a cheerful waiter who sang to us. He refilled our water glasses, took orders for coffee, and even brought us dessert. At the end, we tried to bus our plates to the kitchen. We felt that it was only fair—after all, we were staff too. But that caused a minor scuffle. The waitstaff said that we didn't have to do that; we insisted that we must. We relented when the headwaiter explained, "This is enjoyable for us only if you let us do it right."

> ***I've tried to live like those waiters: Enjoy work by doing it right. Be generous. Sing while you serve.***

That was more than 20 years ago, and I still get teary over the memory. We were so hungry and tired from dancing and so tense from the meanness of the staff at the first venue. The new waiters were joyful, and they took such pride and pleasure in their work. Since then, I've tried to live like them: Enjoy work by doing it right. Be generous. Fold those metaphorical napkins into pretty birds, sing while you serve, and treat those who have nothing to give you as well as you would treat a paying customer. R

QUEST FOR KINDNESS (MAY 27, 2010), COPYRIGHT © 2010 BY EMILY WINSLOW, ALICIABESSETTE.COM.

Beethoven, Then and Now

Fred Gaertner

www.xlibris.com

Hardback | Paperback | E-book

$34.99 | $23.99 | $3.99

Xlibris

In this explosive and fast-paced novel, Fred Gaertner envisions an Earth where it is possible for dead people to return to the world of living. This is exactly what the legendary Beethoven does but not without some interesting consequences!

The Amazing Balancing Man

David Linden

www.xlibris.com

Hardback | Paperback | E-book

$22.99 | $15.99 | $9.99

Xlibris

The Amazing Balancing Man is the personal story of David Linden balancing pursuing his dreams and putting bread on the table. He followed his dreams and passion of becoming an acrobat and reinventing himself as a stand-up comedian.

On Her Knees

Unto the Higher God

Chijioke

www.xlibris.com

Hardback | Paperback | E-book

$22.99 | $15.99 | $3.99

Xlibris

This book describes an interaction between the European culture and African culture, not expressed through wars, politics, or trade and commerce. At one time or another, and on a much wider scope, these avenues of interaction were used.

Sizzlin' Summer Surprise

Alton J. Myers

www.xlibris.com

Hardback | Paperback | E-book

$22.99 | $15.99 | $3.99

Xlibris

This historical fiction novel follows a high school teacher during his summer studying at a Detroit university. He, and other teachers in this vigorous course of academics, find more than they expect when a riot breaks out in the city.

Sugar Shack

Joyce M. Poindexter Bush

www.authorhouse.com

Hardback | Paperback | E-book

$23.99 | $14.95 | $3.99

authorHOUSE

Sugar Shack is a heart-warming story that takes the reader on a trip through the life-changing events that happen to Gwendolyn Cole, a young girl growing up in the small, country town of Warren, Arkansas. Will she stay positive throughout?

Confession

Zohour Almandil

www.xlibris.co.uk

Hardback | Paperback | E-book

$39.92 | $23.28 | $6.64

Xlibris

Confession is an immersive and touching book that shows the contents of author Zohour Almandi's heart and how she is able to vent her long-pent-up emotions, a rare and very brave moment in the female viewpoint in her society.

REMARKABLE BOOKS TO ENJOY AGAIN AND AGAIN. ORDER YOURS TODAY!

Bonner Paddock had no shortage of rage. With braces on his legs, he fueled his way up Kilimanjaro by the fire in his heart.

A FURIOUS

CLIMB

BY BONNER PADDOCK
WITH NEAL BASCOMB FROM
THE BOOK *ONE MORE STEP*

On September 1, 2008, Bonner Paddock, then 33, began a weeklong climb of Mount Kilimanjaro, in Tanzania. Diagnosed with cerebral palsy as an infant, Paddock, in leg braces, ascended 19,340 feet. He was joined by his friend Paul Flores, fellow climber Dilly Dilworth, team leader Tim Guy, and Tanzanian guides Minja and Moody. This recounting of Bonner's excruciating eight-hour trek to the summit, an excerpt from Bonner's recent book, One More Step, *is a fascinating look at the way trust, determination, and even anger can fuel success.*

DAY SEVEN, 11 p.m. I was up and dressed, wearing four layers but still freezing. It was deadly cold, 15 below or less—without doubt the coldest it had been since we began. Sitting alone in my tent, I was already short of breath. My mouth was dry, and my tongue felt twice its normal size. I drank some hot water, warming my hands on the mug, and then slowly, painfully, strapped on my braces and boots. The moment I slipped my feet into the boots, I knew I had made a mistake—a big mistake—by not putting them into my sleeping bag with the rest of my gear. They were frozen solid. My already stiff feet were now encased in what felt like concrete.

Carefully, I stepped outside the tent, and the rest of the group assembled. Finally, Moody led us forward, single file, into the darkness. Twenty minutes into the climb, I was already a wreck, my balance off and my legs aching. I stared at Tim's boots and tried to follow his footsteps up the steep trail, but the path was uneven, and I felt that the wind might flick me off the mountain at any moment.

Terrified, I began shivering uncontrollably. I shook my numb hands and beat them against my thighs, hoping to get the blood moving. The only warmth I felt was from the burning pain in my ankles and legs. It was clear to me that if things did not improve, I would never make it the six additional hours it would take to get to the summit.

"I may not do this," I mumbled quietly to myself. I thought about what that would mean for everybody who had supported me—my coworkers, my friends, and strangers who had donated to my cause. I thought of Jake Ryan, a four-year-old with cerebral palsy, to whom I'd dedicated my climb, and his family. They had faith in my ability to reach the top of Kilimanjaro. They believed in me. And I couldn't betray that belief.

But by the end of the first hour, I was exhausted. The trail was now littered with large rocks, and I could no longer drag my feet along, one after the other, which is what I had been doing. I needed to lift my legs now, and this slowed me down even more.

Tim had said that by 6 a.m., we should arrive at Stella Point, a ridge

PREVIOUS SPREAD: GETTY IMAGES (BACKGROUND). COURTESY OM FOUNDATION (PADDOCK)

several hundred yards below the summit, but the night seemed to last forever. Four hours, five—I had no idea how long we had been at it—but the sky appeared to have no intention of ever growing light. The rest breaks could not come quickly enough.

"Is it time?" I would ask Minja.

He would either shake his head or say, "Close. It's close."

Somewhere—the hundredth switchback, the thousandth—the pain in my legs blew past anything I had ever known. With each step, my feet and ankles sent shock waves of agony. I wanted to cry, to sit down on a rock and weep. In a haze of frustration, I started to think of everyone who had ever doubted me. Of every jeer and joke. Of every time I was picked last for a team in soccer or basketball. The anger drove me on. I pictured a furnace fueled by these feelings. Throw in some logs.

I remembered getting into a fight in elementary school with a boy who'd teased me for my funny walk. I shouted at him, and he'd punched me in the stomach, knocking me down. I added it to the furnace.

I remembered all those visits to all those doctors. Walk here, bend there, the stab of needles. I remembered all the lies I had told when someone asked me why I was walking differently and all the girls who had probably never liked me because of my stork legs. I remembered those damn casts up to my hips.

The furnace started to roar.

With each step, I heaped another log onto the flame: the scrapes, bruises, broken bones, clumsy falls. The trail got even steeper. Digging my walking poles in, I pushed myself up another step. Then another.

We finally took a break, and I collapsed onto a boulder.

I started to think of everyone who had doubted or teased me. My anger drove me on.

"This night is endless," I said to Minja, marveling at the fact. "Where is the sun? Where is the light?"

There was no answer.

Then I was on my feet again, heading upward. There was still so far to go. Another hour or more to Stella Point, then another hour after that to Uhuru Peak, the summit of Kilimanjaro. My eyes blurred, and the fog around me thickened. I stared at the holes worn in the knees of my pants, felt the cold seeping through them. My knees had been knocking so much with every step that they had worn through the fabric.

I wavered on my legs but then held steady, my poles supporting me. As the trail zigzagged up a sharp slope, I started to feed the furnace inside me again, harnessing anger I'd never en-

countered before. Sitting on the couch, my parents telling me that Dad was moving out for only a while, when in fact, he would never return. Time and again, my brother Mike setting a date for us to hang out, then never showing. There I would sit, stewing, not knowing why he had not come, blaming myself.

Then there was my mother, keeping me in the dark about what was wrong with me. I suffered through a childhood of bruises and broken bones—all because she could not acknowledge what was so painfully obvious: that I was not like everyone else. I had cerebral palsy. The furnace roared again.

The team was waiting for me 50 feet from the summit. "It's your moment," someone said.

Head down, one sluggish foot at a time, I advanced toward Stella Point. No matter how many steps I took, no matter how long I climbed, it felt as though I was getting no closer. The furnace weakened to a flicker. The cold and bruising agony in my body returned in force.

Then I heard Minja chanting a Swahili prayer, and I trudged ahead.

Soon, other voices broke into my reverie.

"Come on, Bonner! Come on! You got this, Bonner!"

I looked up toward the ridge wall.

Paul came down to cheer me on. "You're almost there."

Finally, I crested the ridge. I had reached Stella Point: 18,850 feet above sea level. I stumbled toward Tim, resting my head against his jacket. The others crowded around and patted me on the shoulder. Tim led me over to a boulder and helped me sit down behind it, out of the wind. I heaved for breath. For several minutes, I remained bent over, spots before my eyes, trying to regain my hold on the world.

Tim brought over a canister of some kind of lemon sugar water that tasted incredible. I hadn't had anything to drink for hours. At last, I recovered enough to ask Tim how much farther until the summit.

"An hour," he said. "It's really easy. You did the hard part. But we have to get moving before the weather changes."

Any relief I had felt during our break evaporated 20 steps into the final 700-foot climb to the summit. I felt nauseated and dizzy. The wind whipped around me, and the cold was sheer brutality. I lurched left and right, unable to hold to a straight line. Every few minutes, Minja tapped me on the left shoulder or the right, steering me back onto the path.

The trail became very rocky, and I staggered forward in a haze of exhaustion and pain. I heard voices, but the words were garbled.

I lifted my head slightly. The team was gathered together ahead of me. I managed to make out the words, "Congratulations! You did it!"

Paul and Dilly pointed to a sign another 50 feet up on the slope: the mark of the highest point in Africa, Uhuru Peak.

"It's your moment," one of them said.

I finally realized that the team was waiting for me. They wanted me to be the first to the top.

My poles bending under all my weight, I dragged myself up the slope. Then I was at the sign. I put my fists against it and tapped it a couple of times to make sure it was real. I leaned my head against the wood. I had summited Mount Kilimanjaro. The fight was over. I had won.

Cheers rang out. Paul and Dilly joined me, and we cried together, then took in the amazing view of Mount Meru in the distance, ringed by clouds, a long stretch of fortresslike glaciers, the giant volcano crater, and a clear vista for miles and miles of the flatlands surrounding Kilimanjaro. We were so high up that I could see the curvature of the earth.

I took one last look at the view from the summit, rattled by the strange thought that I had only just started something by climbing so high. R

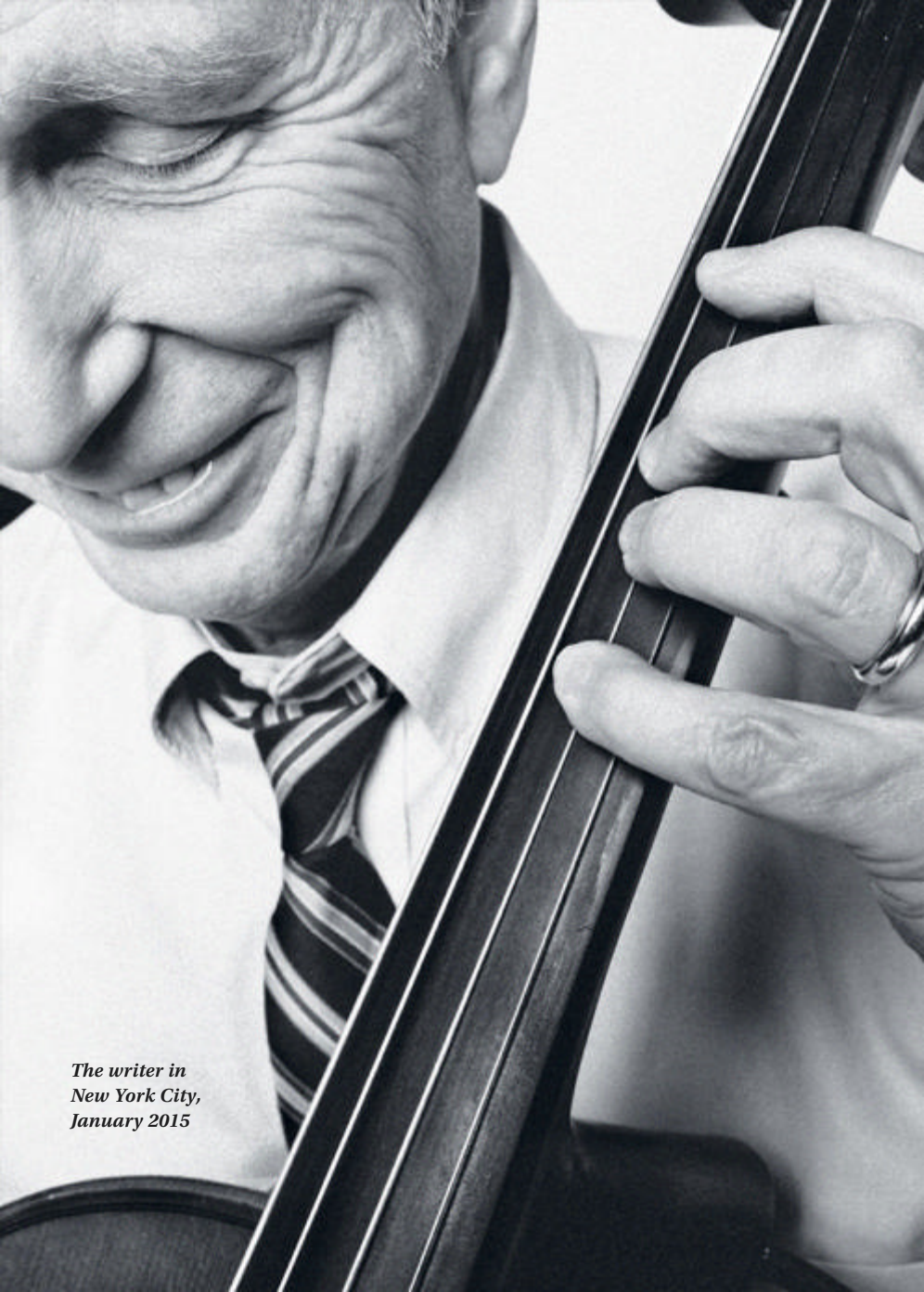
Paddock at Uhuru Peak. "It was the hardest thing I've ever done," he wrote.

ONE MORE STEP BY BONNER PADDOCK AND NEAL BASCOMB, COPYRIGHT © 2015 BY BONNER PADDOCK AND NEAL BASCOMB, IS PUBLISHED BY HARPERONE, AN IMPRINT OF HARPERCOLLINS PUBLISHERS, HARPERONEBOOKS.COM.

SAVING WHAT, EXACTLY?

The hour I lose from daylight savings time will now be multiplied by six as I try to change the time on the clock in my car.

@ROBDELANEY



The writer in New York City, January 2015

A chance encounter with a music teacher filled me with passion and purpose

Ari & the Cello Chair

BY ARI GOLDMAN

I HAVE ALWAYS LOVED the rich and luscious sound of the cello. I would go to concerts and wonder what it would feel like to hold a cello and make such glorious music. But, as a young journalist in New York in the late 1970s, I never imagined that I could play one.

One day, while dashing between assignments, I mistakenly knocked on the wrong door in an office building. An elderly man with a shock of white hair opened the door, and there, behind him, was a serene tableau: a dark cello and a wooden chair with the design of a lyre on it.

For a moment, I forgot what I was looking for. I asked, "Do you play the cello?"

"Yes," he said. "Do you want to become one of my students?"

"Yes," I responded, almost without thinking.

When I arrived for my first lesson a few days later, I told the teacher, whose name was Heinrich Joachim, that I had answered yes on impulse and I didn't know if I could learn. "I'm not sure I am a musician," I said. Mr. J assured me that with practice and devotion to the instrument, I could become one.

I told him that I'd once had a beautiful voice. I sang solos in my synagogue and dreamed of being a cantor. But I lost the voice during puberty. "The cello," Mr. J promised, "will give you back your voice."

PHOTOGRAPH BY GLENN GLASSER

I bought a cello and began to go for weekly lessons. Much to my surprise, the lessons did not start with music. They began with a cup of tea. "How is my Ari?" Mr. J would ask. He wanted to know about my job, my interests, and my ambitions.

Once we got to the cello, it was not just an encounter with an instrument. "Embrace your cello like you would a beautiful woman," he told me. I put my arms around the neck and my legs around the body of the instrument. "Now play," he said. "Don't just listen to the sound. Feel the sound. Feel the vibrations in your hands, thighs, and chest."

"Embrace your cello like you would a beautiful woman," Mr. J told me.

I made steady progress. Along with cello techniques, Mr. J taught me about scales, timbre, melody, and harmony. I got good enough at the cello to play with an adult trio and later with an amateur orchestra.

"Don't play for me," Mr. J would always say. "Play for the people across the street. Project. Project."

Mr. J was born in Germany in 1910 and, at the age of 11, renounced his toys for the cello. He studied at a music conservatory in Berlin and later joined a government-sponsored chamber orchestra. When members of the orchestra were told that they would have to sign allegiance to Hitler, Mr. J, who was half-Jewish, fled to Guatemala. He eventually made his way to New York, where he married, raised a family, and played with major orchestras such as the New York Philharmonic, under Leonard Bernstein.

I was a reporter who covered politics, schools, and transportation. During our lessons, I would occasionally bring him my articles, none of which had anything to do with music. He'd critique those too. "More feeling," he'd demand.

I studied with him for seven years, until I got married and began to raise a family. I stopped the lessons, but we stayed in touch.

When Mr. J died in 2002, I remained close with his children. And when I returned to the cello in middle age, I remembered Mr. J saying, "Embrace it like you would a beautiful woman."

Mr. J's eldest son, Andrew, died in 2014. Soon after, I got a call from Andrew's widow, Sallie, who said she had a special gift for me. A large box arrived a few days later, and inside was Mr. J's "cello chair," the wooden one with the lyre on the back.

I sit in Mr. J's chair often. I know I can never match his musical sound, but I keep the tea on. R

Ari Goldman, a professor of journalism at Columbia University, is the author of *The Late Starters Orchestra.*

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT, DISTRICT OF NEW JERSEY

STEPHEN TREWIN and JOSEPH FARHATT, On Behalf of Themselves And All Others Similarly Situated, Plaintiffs, vs. CHURCH & DWIGHT CO., INC., Defendant.	Civ. No. 3:12-CV-01475 (MAS) (DEA)

- Legal Notice -

Authorized by the United States District Court, For the District of New Jersey

- This is not a solicitation from a lawyer -

IF YOU PURCHASED ARM & HAMMER® ESSENTIALS™ DEODORANT, A CLASS ACTION SETTLEMENT COULD AFFECT YOUR RIGHTS

A proposed settlement has been reached in a class action lawsuit alleging that the labeling, advertising and marketing of the Arm & Hammer® Essentials™ deodorant with labeling containing the words "Natural Deodorant" and "Natural Protection" (hereinafter "Old Label") sold by Church & Dwight Co., Inc. ("Defendant") was misleading to consumers because not all of the ingredients are natural. Defendant denies that the Essentials™ deodorant with Old Label was misleading and it denies that it did anything wrong. The Court has not decided which side was right, but both sides agreed to the settlement to resolve the case. The proposed settlement will pay a cash refund to eligible class members who purchased the Essentials™ deodorant with the Old Label for personal use, and not for re-sale. If you qualify, you may send in a claim form to get benefits, or you can exclude yourself from the settlement, or you can object to it. The United States District Court for the District of New Jersey authorized this notice. The Court will have a hearing on June 4, 2015 to decide whether to approve the settlement. Any request to be excluded from the settlement must be postmarked or received by May 5, 2015 and sent to the Settlement Administrator at Strategic Claims Services, Attn: Trewin v. Church & Dwight Settlement, P.O. Box 230, 600 N. Jackson Street, Suite 3, Media, PA 19063, and any objections to the settlement must be received by May 5, 2015 to the following addresses: (i) Clerk of Court, United States District Court for the District of New Jersey, Clarkson S. Fisher Building and U.S. Courthouse, 402 East State Street, Trenton, NJ 08608; (ii) Class Counsel: James C. Shah, SHEPHERD, FINKELMAN, MILLER & SHAH, LLP, 475 White Horse Pike, Collingswood, NJ 08107; and (iii) Church & Dwight Co., Inc., C/o Baldassare Vinti, Proskauer Rose LLP, 11 Times Square, New York, NY 10036.

WHO'S INCLUDED? If you purchased Defendant's Essentials™ deodorant with the Old Label in the United States, you may be a member of the class whose rights are affected by this settlement. Excluded from the Class are: (i) those who purchased the Essentials™ deodorant with the Old Label for purpose of resale; (ii) those with claims for personal injuries arising from the use of the Essentials™ deodorant with the Old Label; (iii) Defendant and its officers, directors and employees; (iv) any person who files a valid and timely Request for Exclusion; and (v) the Judges to whom this Litigation are assigned and any members of their immediate families. If you're not sure you are included, you can get more information, including a detailed notice, at www.churchanddwightsettlement.com.

WHAT'S THIS ABOUT? The lawsuit claims that the labeling, advertising and marketing of Defendant's Essentials™ deodorant with Old Label was misleading to consumers because not all of the ingredients are natural. Defendant denies that the Essentials™ deodorant with Old Label was misleading and denies that it did anything wrong. The Court has not decided which side was right, but both sides agreed to the settlement to resolve the case.

WHAT DOES THE SETTLEMENT PROVIDE? Defendant has agreed to provide eligible class members who purchased the Essentials™ deodorant with Old Label a $4.00 cash refund for each unit purchased. If the settlement fund is not large enough to pay all valid claims in full, claims payments will be reduced proportionally. Attorneys' fees, costs of the litigation, settlement administration fees, and incentive awards to class representatives will be paid separately.

The settlement will release claims that consumers may have against Defendant relating to the purchase of the Essentials™ deodorant, unless the individual excludes him/her self from the settlement.

WHAT ARE MY LEGAL RIGHTS AND OPTIONS?

Submit A Claim Form	A detailed notice and claim form is located at www.churchanddwightsettlement.com. To qualify for a cash payment, you can fill-out and submit the claim form online, or you can download it and send it in. Claim forms must be received by the Settlement Administrator by September 2, 2015.
Exclude Yourself	Get no payment. This is the only option that allows you to ever be part of any other lawsuit against Defendant about any issues relating to the purchase and use of Essentials™ deodorant. Exclusion requests must be postmarked by May 5, 2015 to the Settlement Administrator. The website provides more information about how to exclude yourself.
Object	Write to the Court about why you don't like the settlement. If the Court approves the settlement you will be bound even if you objected. Objections must be received by the Court, Class Counsel and Church & Dwight's Counsel (addresses above) no later than May 5, 2015.The website provides more information about how to object.
Do nothing	Get no payment. Give up rights. You are bound by the settlement nonetheless.

You may obtain more information about the settlement, including the settlement agreement and the Court's orders, by visiting www.churchanddwightsettlement.com or by calling toll-free 1-866-274-4004. Please do not contact the Court or Defendant.

A black plastic garbage bag protects a young worker from toxic wet tobacco leaves.

Kids under 18 can't legally buy cigarettes, but they can—and do—work on tobacco farms. They say the hazards are worth the risk to support their families.

Children *of the* FIELDS

BY ROBERT ANDREW POWELL

THE SUN HAS YET TO RISE IN rural North Carolina, but the muggy, breezeless weather hints at yet another very hot July day. About a dozen Hispanic boys and girls, ages 12 to 15, slowly emerge from a cluster of mobile homes on the outskirts of town, rubbing their eyes as they whisper goodbyes to their mothers. The kids wear long-sleeved shirts and heavy denim jeans even though temperatures in the tobacco fields, where they work, will approach triple digits. They carry bottles of water and Gatorade in one hand and plastic garbage bags—ad hoc hazmat suits—in the other.

A few minutes before 6 a.m., the soft crunch of gravel announces the arrival of a black SUV driven by a man who works for a tobacco farmer. He'll shuttle the kids to the field, an hour away, and drop them off behind a thick stand of pine trees, hidden from the main road. There's almost no chance that state inspectors will notice the children or check whether they get regular water breaks (they do), have access to bathrooms (they don't), and are legally permitted to work (most aren't).

When the kids get to the field, they poke neck- and armholes in their garbage bags, drape them over their torsos, and pull on disposable plastic gloves. The goal is simple: Avoid touching the tobacco leaves, which can leach nicotine into the skin—especially when tobacco leaves are wet, such as early in the morning, before the sun burns off the dew. The price for repeatedly coming into contact with the toxic chemical—nausea, vomiting, dizziness, headaches, loss of appetite, sleeplessness—is made worse on days when the plants have been sprayed with insecticide to kill off budworms.

Fifteen-year-old Edinson Ramirez explains that when he first started working tobacco, he absently used his shirtsleeve, which had come into contact with the wet leaves, to wipe sweat from his face.

"After lunch, my face started stinging," he says. "It felt like somebody threw hot sauce on me."

Nicotine poisoning is also called green tobacco sickness. All the kids have heard of it, but when asked if they've ever suffered from it, they all say no. Yet when asked specifically about the common symptoms, everyone shares stories. Have you vomited? Yes. Many times. Dizziness, headaches? Sure. Sleeplessness? Every night.

Today, the kids "top" the tobacco by walking up and down row after row of leafy green tobacco plants, plucking off any white, teacup-shaped flowers and tossing them to the ground. Plastic-covered fingers search the base of each stalk for small dwarf leaves called suckers, which, like the flowers, divert nutrients away from the valuable main leaves. With the foreman monitoring the speed at which they work, the kids also pull weeds from around the base of the plant and right any tipsy stalks that have fallen into other rows. When one row is finished, they start down the next. Their shift lasts 12 hours.

"He'll fire your ass" if you miss any suckers or if you go too slowly, says Neftali Cuello, referring to the foreman. Neftali is a crew elder at age 19. She began working in tobacco fields when she was 11.

IN BRAZIL, INDIA, Russia, and other countries, no one under age 18 can legally work in tobacco fields. Yet in the United States, a child as young as 12 needs only a parent's permission to help harvest the plant. By age 14, even that isn't necessary. And while children

under age 16 in the United States can be limited to 18 hours a week behind the counter at Starbucks or Walmart, kids of the same age who harvest tobacco have no federal restrictions if school is out of session.

In May 2014, Human Rights Watch published *Tobacco's Hidden Children,* a report based on interviews with more than 100 children ages seven to 17, most of whose parents are Hispanic immigrants, who said they had worked in tobacco farming in the United States in 2012 or 2013. The majority of the children interviewed for the report worked the field primarily during the summer, though a few were migrant workers, traveling year-round alone or with their families to different locations to work. The report outlined the "excessively long hours" children often work and the trouble kids can have collecting even a minimum wage for this work, a repetitive labor that "strains their backs and taxes their muscles." And, according to the report, nearly three quarters of the child workers on tobacco farms who were surveyed experienced symptoms consistent with green tobacco sickness. Human Rights Watch called on tobacco growers to stop using child labor, a call that child advocates and public health experts have been making for decades.

"Children are not small adults," explains Thomas A. Arcury, a professor of family medicine at Wake Forest Baptist Medical Center. "Nicotine and pesticides from tobacco can have a long-term negative effect on the kids' developing neurological, reproductive, and musculoskeletal systems."

> MANY OF THE CHILD WORKERS SURVEYED HAD SYMPTOMS CONSISTENT WITH GREEN TOBACCO SICKNESS.

Although many children still work tobacco fields in North Carolina and other states, the report altered the hiring practices of some farmers. Several labor contractors in North Carolina backed off on hiring children this season, a decision that has frustrated, of all people, the kids. The truth is that despite the long hours, possible health effects, and low wages, many kids say they need and want to do this work. And their parents aren't stopping them—in fact, many kids work alongside Mom and Dad.

ONE EVENING, as I drove around central North Carolina, I came across six boys playing soccer on a lumpy patch of grass. Their goalposts were fashioned from snapped tree branches. Each boy told me he'd worked tobacco the previous summer, but this year the boys weren't working at all. "You have

ALL PHOTOS: MARCUS BLEASDALE/VII

Workers stand on narrow rafters while hanging tobacco to dry.

to be 18 now," explained Eduardo Cruz, 15. I asked what he was doing instead this summer, and he told me he was doing nothing. Which could be good, in theory. He can play soccer. He can be a kid. Except every one of the boys told me he'd rather be working—that is, he'd rather be helping his family.

Edinson Ramirez began topping tobacco at age 12. "I started working because my mom is a single mom, and I saw how she struggled with money," he says. "She would come home later and later every day. It was hard for her to pay the bills, to have food on the table. So I thought maybe if I went to work, I might help a little bit with the money."

Neftali's mother started working tobacco to support herself and her six kids after she left Neftali's father several years ago. Tobacco has never paid much money, but there weren't many other options for a person in her circumstances. She first brought her kids into the fields so she could watch them when they were out of school.

"She thought we wouldn't last, that we'd see how horrible it is and not come back," Neftali says. "But we kept coming back. Me and my sisters, we wanted to help out."

TODAY, ECONOMIC necessity may be the biggest factor driving kids to work tobacco fields, but the practice is grounded in tradition. Through the 1960s, schools adjusted their schedules so children could help out with planting, topping, and harvesting the plant. At a tobacco farm museum in the town of Kenly, North Carolina, I talked to Mary Cavanaugh, a grandmother who grew up in the state and who worked the fields when she was young. Her memories aren't negative. "Everybody worked the fields," she recalled. "It was how we made our summer money."

Tom Young, a former helicopter crew chief for the Air National Guard and now a successful novelist, grew up on a tobacco farm in North Carolina in the 1970s. In an op-ed he wrote last June for *USA Today,* Young respectfully disagreed with the Human Rights Watch request to ban children from tobacco fields. Before he started first grade, Young says, he was driving a tractor and chopping weeds under his father's close supervision. He topped tobacco like Neftali is doing today and helped hang harvested leaves in curing barns. He handled tobacco directly when he and his brother stuffed cured leaves into burlap sacks in preparation for market. His own experience educated him on responsibility, he wrote, and on what it takes to finish a job. Potential exposure to chemicals or heatstroke was mitigated with "plain old common sense." Sit in the shade for a while if you get dizzy. Drink lots of water.

> DOUGLAS BELIEVES THAT BIG TOBACCO COMPANIES HAVE THE RESPONSIBILITY TO IMPROVE CHILD LABOR PRACTICES.

Handle tobacco leaves with caution.

"Don't get me wrong: I don't recommend smoking. It'll kill you," Young asserted in his op-ed. "But handling tobacco leaves never hurt me by giving me nicotine poisoning ... I never experienced it and never saw anyone else suffer from it."

The Human Rights Watch report concedes that the long-term effects of nicotine absorption through the skin aren't known. However, it contends that research shows the adverse effects of smoking on adolescent brains and that nonsmoking adult tobacco workers have similar levels of nicotine in their bodies as smokers. "The U.S. government and the states have an obligation to protect children from dangerous and exploitative work," the report concludes.

Clifford Douglas, director at the University of Michigan's Tobacco Research Network, believes that the

big tobacco companies have the power, and the responsibility, to improve child labor practices. "The victims here are mostly poor and largely invisible to the rest of us, but that doesn't mean that they don't need to be protected," Douglas told VICE News in May. Marty Otañez, a University of Colorado assistant anthropology professor and founder of fairtradetobacco.com, thinks that more independent oversight of farm conditions and union representation could help protect migrant and seasonal tobacco workers, especially children. "It's not about just looking at the public health issues of smoking anymore, but taking a holistic approach to holding a company accountable," he told VICE News. "The cost of tobacco is low, but the impact is huge."

THE SUN IS STILL shining at 7 p.m., when the shift finally ends. The temperature holds steady at 91 degrees. Neftali collects her daily pay from the foreman. About $85 in cash. She rides back to the trailer park with her mother, her sister, and a couple of the boys from the crew. Even though she's physically tired, she feels amped when she gets home, wide-awake. She forces herself to eat something, though she is not really hungry. She talks to a friend on the phone. She won't get to bed until after midnight. The release of sleep eludes her for a few more hours after that.

"It's really, really bad, how hard it is for me to fall asleep," she admits. "I get only two or three hours at most. Then I have to wake up, and it's time to go again."

The insomnia, the lack of appetite. That sounds like it could be the nicotine. She shrugs her shoulders. Yeah, maybe. It's hard working in the fields, definitely. But the dangers of tobacco? That's not something she has the luxury of worrying about. R

Robert Andrew Powell wrote "The Psychic, the Novelist, and the $17 Million Scam," for the March 2014 issue of *Reader's Digest*.

WHAT TO EXPECT WHEN YOU'RE COMPUTING

I've crunched the numbers, and it's cheaper to start your own octopus farm than to buy retail printer ink.

@FLYOVERJOEL

Just saw my two-year-old touch "Skip ad" on a YouTube video, and I teared up with pride.

@ANDYPITZ

ADVERTISEMENT

CONNECTIONS:

Your link to values and insights each month

Three Great Offers. One Great Tablet.

Buy a Samsung Galaxy Tab®4 Nook® Tablet 10.1 and download "Feel Grand", the groundbreaking PBS health series, for free. Plus get a complimentary one-year premium membership to the American Grandparents Association.

Visit: **grandparents.com/readersdigest** for details.

nook by Barnes & Noble

Are Your Joints Ready for Action?

Osteo Bi-Flex® helps nurture and defend your joints, so you can keep doing what you love! It's specially formulated with Joint Shield™, an herbal ingredient that helps with occasional joint flare-up.*

OsteoBiflex.com

*These statements have not been evaluated by the Food and Drug Administration. This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure or prevent any disease.

5-LOXIN® ADVANCED is a trademark of PL Thomas - Laila Nutra, LLC. U.S. Patent #8,551,496 and patents pending.
©2015 Rexall Sundown, Inc.
Refers to level of key ingredients in each individual tablet. Individual results may vary.

New Thicker Fuller Hair® Thinning Hair Treatment!

Once daily foam treatment with marine flora complex is clinically shown to help reduce the appearance of hair loss. Plus it has Cell-U-Plex pure plant extracts and caffeine energizers.

ThickerFullerHair.com

THICKER FULLER HAIR

Eat Well and Lose Weight? With Atkins – Now You Can!

Atkins – the low carb leader – has your cravings covered. Eat more delicious variety than ever with Atkins. Learn more today!

Atkins.com/EatRight

ATKINS

go to **readersdigest.com** for more!

Laugh Lines

ONCE UPON A TIME ...

And every six months, she would trade in her aging sheep for a new one. Because without a little lamb, Mary didn't know who she was.
@ANDREWHIBBARD

My wife said she wanted a "fairy-tale romance," so I've locked her in a tower.
@TONYCOWARDS

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe. She got her own TLC show. The end.
RYAN ANDERSON @KOLCHAK

Old McDonald was dyslexic, I-E-I-E-O.
BILLY CONNOLLY

I have never worked out the moral to Humpty Dumpty. Is it, "Don't let horses perform medical procedures"?
RICKY GERVAIS

Cinderella's fairy godmother turned her rags into a gown, mice into horses, and a pumpkin into endless lattes for her and her BFFs to enjoy.
@THELAURENOBRIEN

GETTY IMAGES

ADVERTISEMENT

Win Your Next Vacation!

Request your FREE travel information via text or rd.com, and **enter to win $2,000** towards your next vacation!

1. Text TRAVEL to 51684

2. Visit RD.com/TravelTips

3. Mail or fax the below form to: Readers Digest
P.O. Box 413050, Naples, FL 34101-3050
Fax: 888-847-6035

You will receive 1 text message. Message and data rates may apply. Text HELP for help. Your information will not be sold or used for any other purpose. No purchase necessary to enter or win. Sweepstakes begins 3/01/2015 and ends 10/14/2015. Sweepstakes open to residents of the U.S., its territories and possessions age 21 and over. Void where prohibited. For official rules and prize information go to www.rd.com/traveltips for further details. Data and message charges may apply.

FREE TRAVEL INFORMATION!

Check as many boxes as you like! Offer expires October 14, 2015. Please allow 6-8 weeks for delivery.

- ❑ 1. Outer Banks of North Carolina
- ❑ 2. SC Lowcountry & Resort Islands
- ❑ 3. The Jersey Cape - Cape May County, NJ
- ❑ 4. Columbus, GA
- ❑ 5. Central PA Convention & Visitors Bureau
- ❑ 6. St. Lawrence Cruise Lines
- ❑ 7. North Dakota Tourism
- ❑ 8. Win with Explore LaCrosse!
- ❑ 9. Nebraska State Tourism
- ❑ 10. Riverboat Twilight
- ❑ 11. The Beaches of Fort Myers & Sanibel
- ❑ 12. State of Alaska Tourism
- ❑ 13. Texas Tourism
- ❑ 14. Fairbanks, Alaska - Explore Fairbanks
- ❑ 15. Juneau, AK

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP CODE

E-MAIL

❑ Yes, I would like to receive additional Travel Information at the e-mail address above.

❑ Yes, I would like to receive offers from Reader's Digest and their partners at the e-mail address above.

CODE: SENEAH0415

HISTORY

When massive logs and a rushing river threaten a bridge, two tuskers do something extraordinary

The Day the Elephants Danced

BY VICKI CONSTANTINE CROKE

Entranced by elephants, British citizen James Howard Williams moved to Burma in the 1920s to be a forest assistant at the Bombay Burmah Trading Corporation just so he could work with the world's largest land animals. Not long after he started his job, Billy—as Williams was known—saw an elephant trying to carry a heavy pile of logs cradled in his tusks and trunk. As the bull headed up a steep hill, the timber was in danger of rolling up and over the top of his head. Struggling, the tusker put the logs down and picked up a bamboo stake. He positioned the bamboo in his mouth, pointing it up like a backstop, and then grasped the logs again, secured with the stake.

Experiences like this convinced Williams that elephants were the most intelligent animals in the world, able to improvise novel solutions to problems. They were always acquiring new skills because their brains, much like ours, were built to learn throughout their lives. "[The elephant] never stops learning, because he is always thinking," he said.

One of Williams's favorite stories occurred sometime around the late 1920s, when he had the chance to test the limits of the elephants' abilities by asking them to do something they had never done before. It was early June, the beginning of monsoon season in Burma, and Williams was awaiting the start of the rains to loosen a massive stockpile of 2,000 teak logs. They were lined up in a dry riverbed, with the smallest first and the largest—astounding in girth and length, some 40 feet—to the rear. Until the rains broke, they, like all the teak logs in the upper Chindwin River, were stranded.

There was one big problem, however: The dormant avalanche of wood sat eight miles upstream from an expensive new railway bridge, which spanned the river. When the logs came crashing downstream, they would be headed right for the abutments supporting the bridge.

Williams quickly called for Poo Ban and Poo Gyi, two tuskers that, besides being big and strong, were also considered *lane bah these,* or what the elephant riders called "wise old animals." He thought it might be possible to train them to stand in the water before the bridge, facing upstream, and redirect the logs away from the piers and toward the center of the river. Their riders said it would be easy.

Poo Ban and Poo Gyi were taken down to the river, with their riders sitting atop them and giving commands as a few test logs were floated down. The riders shouted, "Coming left," or, "Coming right." Immediately, the elephants diverted each log as it arrived. With casual grace, the bookended tuskers followed commands to catch each log as it headed toward a pier, and then, using their trunks or

GETTY IMAGES. MICHAEL MASLAN/CORBIS (INSET PHOTO)

tusks, they nimbly shoved it to the center. The scheme looked as if it would work, but the intended barrage of teak would probably require a second team to serve as relief.

The heat was suffocating, yet day after day, distant thunder and gathering black clouds threatened but didn't deliver rain. Finally, after two weeks, the rains began to fill the riverbed upstream. Williams, who had installed field phones at the logging site and at the bridge, soon received word: "The river is rising; heavy rain has broken in the headwaters; logs are moving on the sandy bed." The teak logs were on their way.

The elephants were like game-ready goalies, moving with grace and ease to divert the logs with their tusks. But this was just a warm-up.

At three in the afternoon, Williams observed a change in the color of the water—it was becoming "chocolate dirty" with silt and debris. This signaled that the moment of reckoning was coming fast. The quicker, the better, because there were only a few hours of daylight left, and this was not an operation to be attempted in the dark.

The tension ratcheted up as an excited crowd of villagers formed on the banks to watch. No one was allowed on the bridge itself as a precaution against distracting the elephants. Poo Ban and Poo Gyi were ordered into the water. The tension had not gotten to them; in fact, Williams found them to be jovial. They strolled out slowly, dignified and magnificent—two beautiful gray tuskers wading in a brown river. The water splashed up as they moved, first darkening their legs, then skimming their bellies. Their riders, each bare chested with long black hair pulled back in a ponytail, positioned each elephant in front of an abutment. When the animals were in place, the men scrambled off, climbing up and onto the piers themselves. They were posted there to see what was coming and to give orders to their elephants.

Soon, everyone heard the unmistakable thunder of teak on the move—the *boom, boom, boom* of the massive logs striking one another. The onslaught started, and so did the elephants. They were like game-ready goalies. "With grace and ease, Poo Ban and Poo Gyi diverted each log with their tusks right and left [and] with a glancing push and blow," Williams said. Every stray log spun and dipped in the water toward the center. The tuskers were good.

But this was just a warm-up: The smaller logs had come down first. The pace picked up as larger logs

began to appear. The elephants "coolly held their ground, but they were more than occupied—left tusk, right tusk." Williams watched with excitement. All the wood that came near the precious bridge was tossed expertly by the animals to the middle of the current.

Williams wasn't the only one thrilled by the skill of the elephants. The air was now filled, not just with the crashing of the logs but also with the cheering of an ever-growing crowd. It was all going so well. But Williams looked skyward. How long would the light last? And how long would the elephants hold out? They must be exhausted. He wondered if he should take them out and replace them with the waiting relay team. But the most colossal pieces of timber were here now.

For Poo Ban and Poo Gyi, the effortless tossing had turned into concentrated heaving. Instead of waiting for a log to come in before sending it off with a light jab of a tusk, they were now extending their trunks forward to reach the logs early and slow them down before muscling them away. If Williams added the other two elephants, they might get in one another's way. But he worried for these two warriors; it didn't look like they could keep it up.

Just then, they seemed to tell him they couldn't. Nearly in unison, both elephants began to turn around, facing downstream. Their riders frantically shouted for them to stop, but they didn't listen. The tuskers were talking only to each other.

However, the elephants were not refusing to work; they "did not swim away downstream and break ranks as I feared and rather expected," Williams said. "Instead, they plunged their forefeet into the sandy bottom of the creek and ... did hula-hula dancing movements, allowing logs to ricochet off their rumps still more like cannons off the cushion."

The crowd erupted into laughter and cheers. The elephants used their ample haunches to deflect the logs, and they were also agile enough to swing back a little with the momentum of each one to blunt the impact. Just a few scattered logs—the tail end of the wood cache—were coming now, so Poo Ban and Poo Gyi were taken out and replaced by the second team. "It was a triumph for the jumbos," Williams said, "and not one log damaged a pier."

◆ ◆ ◆

Billy Williams believed that living with elephants made him a better man, and he fought for their humane care in the teak business. When Japanese forces invaded Burma in 1942, Williams joined the elite British Force 136, operating behind enemy lines. He commanded a team of war elephants that carried supplies, built bridges, and transported the sick and elderly over treacherous mountain terrain. You can read about Williams's amazing experiences in the book Elephant Company *by Vicki Constantine Croke.* R

That's Outrageous!

UNLUCKIEST CRIMINALS

WHEN AN attempted robbery at a home-improvement store went awry, the suspect fled across the street and jumped a fence ... right into a nudist resort. As the *Orlando Sentinel* pointed out, because the would-be criminal was "one of the only folks wearing clothing," he was easily spotted by police.

Source: *Orlando Sentinel*

HOW CONVENIENT! An Iowa City, Iowa, man had his driver's license stolen. But a few months later, who should show up at the bar where the man worked as a bouncer? Why, the thief, brandishing the missing license as his form of ID. Source: press-citizen.com

IS THERE NO HONOR among thieves? While two suspects were being questioned by Ogden, Utah, police about shoplifting, someone broke into their car and stole a stereo and other items.

Source: Deseret News Publishing Company

THE VICTIM'S JEWELRY was missing, the electronics were gone, and a window was smashed. No wonder she was hysterical when a Calgary police officer arrived. Then her father called. Speaking in their native French, she told him it was all a scam to get insurance money. What she didn't know was that the officer spoke six languages, including French.

Source: cnews.canoe.ca

AN ILLINOIS man busted into a church and absconded with the safe. Less than a block away, he dropped it in a neighbor's yard and tried to crack it open with a screwdriver. That's when he was confronted by the home's occupant—a police officer.

Source: pjstar.com

A SAN FRANCISCO THIEF pedaled his bike up to a woman, snatched an iPhone out of her hands, and rode off. Unbeknownst to him, the woman was in the middle of demonstrating the iPhone's new GPS program. It worked—and the thief was captured minutes later. Source: sfgate.com

ILLUSTRATION BY NISHANT CHOKSI

Medical Alert

Help at the Push of a Button

This Button Saves Lives!

(And for Less Than $1 a Day!)

Get Peace of Mind and Independence with Medical Alert Monitoring!

- No Long-Term Contract
- Easy to Set Up and Use
- No Activation Fee
- No Installation Fee

Equipment Included

(At no extra cost!)

- Base Unit
- Waterproof Pendant or Wristband

FREE 2nd Button

Order Now!

Call Now Toll-Free

1-800-210-9272

www.MedicalAlert.com

☐ **Yes, I want to know more about Medical Alert and receive a FREE Color Brochure.**

Call for More Information: **1-800-210-9272**

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ St: _____ Zip: _____

Phone: _____ Cell Phone: _____

Mail to: Medical Alert, 53 West Baltimore Pike, Media, PA 19063

RDNCP0415

WHO ? KNEW

13 Things Ancestry Trackers Won't Tell You

BY MICHELLE CROUCH

1 We do so much more than just trace family trees. We help the military locate relatives of soldiers killed in action abroad, unearth the owners of family heirlooms, help adoptees locate parents, and find far-flung heirs for lawyers and banks.

2 Having trouble finding an ancestor? Get sloppy with your spelling. Before driver's licenses, name variations and misspellings were common. A simple name like Smith could be listed as Smyth, Smythe, or even Schmidt.

3 Just because your grandfather said your family came over on the *Mayflower* doesn't mean it's a fact. About half the time, I have to tell families that the story they've been passing down is all wrong.

4 Talk to your older relatives now—I mean today—about what they remember, and write it down. Then hunt through their attics for old photos, obituaries, newspaper articles, military papers, and more. A little bit of up-front research will save time down the line (and it's fun!).

ILLUSTRATION BY SERGE BLOCH

5 No, your family name was not forcibly changed at Ellis Island. In most cases, immigrants changed their own names upon arriving to make them sound more American.

6 In today's world, it's harder than ever to keep a secret. I tried autosomal DNA testing when it first came out and—whoops!—accidentally found out that my dad's only brother was actually his half-brother.

7 With websites like ancestry.com and geni.com, you can easily create a tree that goes back many generations. But be warned: Online trees are often packed with errors (I've seen a mother who supposedly died before her child was born), so always check the original sources.

8 Old newspaper articles are my favorite sources for stories that make family histories come alive. You can find them at genealogybank.com, chroniclingamerica.loc.gov, and newspapers.com.

9 Are you related to someone famous? It's likely. Do the math: You have two parents, four grandparents, eight great-grandparents, and so on. If you go back ten generations, you've got 1,024 ancestors. Twenty generations puts you over the one-million mark; one of those "cousins" is bound to be famous.

10 If you're having trouble finding someone who served in World War I or II, search for the correct month and day of birth but an earlier year. Many men overstated their ages to enlist because they were underage.

11 We cringe at genealogy-themed TV shows that make it seem like you need to travel far away to do your research. So many records are online today that you can find most of what you need from home.

12 Scan and upload unidentified family photos to Google's "search by image" page and tineye.com. Both sites search for similar images, and you may find a match with all the information you need.

13 Once I learned that a client had a third-great-grandfather who was one of only five African Americans to graduate as lawyers from the University of South Carolina during Reconstruction. He got in under the wire, before Jim Crow. Being able to tell my client that was huge. That's the thing about genealogy: You uncover stories, and that can completely change people's perspectives on who they are. R

Sources: Genealogists Megan Smolenyak, author of *Hey, America, Your Roots Are Showing*, and Gena Philibert-Ortega, author of *From the Family Kitchen*; Kelvin Meyers, a forensic genealogist in Texas; Michelle Ercanbrack, a family historian at ancestry.com; and Kenyatta Berry, a host of *Genealogy Road Show* and past president of the Association of Professional Genealogists

Art Where You'd Least Expect It

BY BRANDON SPECKTOR

A Sculpture Park—at the Bottom of the Ocean

You're snorkeling around a coral reef when you see it—a human face. Wait … make that hundreds of human faces. You've just entered the world of Jason deCaires Taylor, an undersea artist who sculpts life-size human forms and then installs them on the ocean floor.

In 2006, Taylor opened the world's first underwater sculpture park, off the coast of Grenada; in 2009, he expanded to Cancún. Sculpting figures from pH-neutral concrete, Taylor aims not only to give tourists something to look at but also to give sea critters somewhere to live. Installations like the *Silent Evolution,* a string of 400 human figures, function as artificial coral reefs, simultaneously offering sea life a new home and drawing tourists away from the overexposed natural reefs in some of the world's most-visited waters.

An Abandoned Theater—in the Sinai Desert

"Imagine you are watching *2001: A Space Odyssey* in one of 700 wooden seats in a cinema with sand walls." So reads the original press release for

JASON DECAIRES TAYLOR/GETTY IMAGES

what became known as the End of the World Cinema, an ill-fated open-air movie theater tucked between sand dunes of the Sinai.

In the late '90s, French artist Diynn Eadel took a trip through Egypt and fell in love with "the great theater of nature." He vowed to give the Sinai Desert a cinema, walled by mountains and lit by stars. Eadel secured investments and building permits, erected a screen, and relocated 700 hand-painted chairs from a Cairo theater to complete his vision. Everything was set for the opening—then the power died. Whether an act of anti-tourist sabotage or pure accident, that was it: No film has ever played there.

Lenin's Head—in Subzero Antarctica

The South Pole of Inaccessibility is the point on Antarctica farthest from the sea—the literal *middle* of nowhere. So why did Soviet scientists erect a bust of Vladimir Lenin there?

Simply put: *chutzpah.* It was the 1950s, and everything was a flexing match between the United States and Russia. In 1956, America set up a research station at the South Pole. Russia retorted by slapping up a station at the Pole of Inaccessibility two years later. Today, most of the Soviet station is buried by snow, but you can still see its peculiar crown: Lenin's frozen head, gazing perpetually across the tundra toward Moscow. R

FROM TOP: COURTESY STEIN TRONSTAD; KAUPO KIKKAS/LANDOV MEDIA

Sources: cracked.com, nautil.us, atlasobscura.com, stuff.co.nz, and underwatersculpture.com

LOOK
TWICE ...

... What do you see? Is it a floating city, a maze of computer circuitry—or simply a bloated apartment complex at an unusual angle? Viewed straight up from a street-level courtyard by photographer Romain Jacquet-Lagreze, this old residential building on Hong Kong Island becomes a canyon of glass and concrete, jagged with balconies and window-mounted AC units. Lose yourself in the details—just try not to lose your footing.

5 Geniuses With Serious Procrastination Problems

BY BRANDON SPECKTOR

1 Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart wrote the overture for *Don Giovanni* in a single night—the night before the opera's debut. The reason was simple enough: He was *Mozart*. The 31-year-old virtuoso could ostensibly compose entire symphonies in his mind—often while playing billiards—and at times he didn't put pen to paper until he'd completed the entire piece in his head first. At *Don Giovanni*'s premiere, the ink on the overture's sheet music was still wet from its last-minute copying, and there was no time for rehearsal. "Some notes fell under the stands," Mozart said later, "but it went well."

2 Frank Lloyd Wright created his most famous structure at age 68—in about two hours. In 1934, Pittsburgh department store magnate Edgar Kaufmann Sr. hired Wright to design a retreat around the waterfalls of his forested Pennsylvania property. Wright visited the site and assured Kaufmann he had big plans. In truth, he hadn't drawn a thing. Weeks became months, and on a Sunday morning, September 22, 1935, Kaufmann spontaneously decided to visit Wright's studio and check his progress. He would arrive before lunch, Kaufmann explained over the phone, and was very excited to see the designs. With nervous apprentices watching and Kaufmann hours from his door, Wright finished breakfast, then drew up the plans for what became Fallingwater—an icon of modern design and a National Historic Landmark.

ILLUSTRATION BY SEAN MCCABE

3 Franz Kafka had a day job as an insurance clerk that provided the gloomy novelist plenty of time for existential brooding but little time to translate that brooding to fiction. However, when Kafka was promoted to a position that let him clock out at 2 p.m., procrastination became his new prison. In a letter to his fiancée, Kafka describes a typical day after work: "Lunch till 3:30 ... sleep until 7:30 ... ten minutes of exercises, naked at the open window ... an hour's walk ... then dinner with my family." When did the *writing* finally begin? Not until 11 p.m., sometimes continuing well up to 6 a.m. the next morning. Admittedly, not the best system: Kafka died at age 40, leaving many unfinished works behind.

4 Hunter S. Thompson was hired by *Scanlan's Monthly* to cover the Kentucky Derby in 1970. From securing his press pass to meeting illustrator Ralph Steadman to actually writing the story, Thompson was chronically behind schedule. With the deadline looming and a *Scanlan's* courier literally waiting at his hotel door, Thompson began ripping pages of verbatim notes from his notepad and shuttling them off to the press. He was sure this incoherent, slapdash piece would be the death of his career. He was wrong; "The Kentucky Derby Is Decadent and Depraved" won Thompson rave reviews, and his manic, first-person style spawned a reporting movement.

5 Victor Hugo began writing *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* in the fall of 1830, against the brutal deadline of February 1831. He bought an entire bottle of ink in preparation but sincerely did not feel like writing. So he did what any sane man would do: He got naked. Locking away his clothes to avoid the temptation of going outside, Hugo was left with nothing to wear but a large gray shawl. According to his wife (the poor woman), this knitted, toe-length rag served as his uniform for many months. It worked; using up all his ink, Hugo finished the book weeks before deadline. He even considered titling it *What Came Out of a Bottle of Ink* ... squandering the opportunity to turn in a literary classic called *What Came Out of My Dirty Gray Jammies*. R

OPINIONS ARE LIKE BIRTHDAYS

Everybody has one, and I know yours only because of Facebook.

@RANDILAWSON

Yes, You Really Did Choose The Slowest Line

BY ADAM MANN
FROM WIRED.COM

YOU RUN into the grocery store to pick up one ingredient. You grab your item, head to the front, and choose the line that looks fastest.

You chose wrong. People who you swear got in other lines long after you are already checked out and off to the parking lot. *Why does this always seem to happen to you?*

It turns out, it's just math working against you; chances are, the other line really *is* faster.

Grocery stores try to have enough employees at checkout to get all their customers through with minimum delay. But sometimes, as on a Sunday afternoon, the system gets overwhelmed. Any small interruption—a price check, a chatty customer—can have downstream effects, holding up an entire line.

If there are three lines in the store, delays will happen randomly at different registers. Think about the probability: The odds of your line being fastest are only one in three (which means you have a two-thirds chance of *not* being in the fastest). So it's not just in your mind: Another line probably is moving faster.

Researchers have a good solution to this problem: Make all customers stand in one long, snaking line—called a serpentine line—and serve each person at the front with the next available register. With three registers, this method is about three times faster than the traditional approach. This is what they do at most banks and at some Trader Joe's stores and fast-food restaurants. With a serpentine line, a long delay at one register won't unfairly punish the people who lined up behind it. Instead, it will slow down everyone a little bit but speed up checkout overall.

So why don't most places encourage serpentine lines? It takes many registers to keep one line moving efficiently, and some stores can't afford the space or manpower. So wherever your next wait may be: Good luck. R

UTA RUGE/GETTY IMAGES

NEW

"My friends all hate their cell phones… I love mine!" Here's why.

No Contract

Say good-bye to everything you hate about cell phones. Say hello to Jitterbug.

"Cell phones have gotten so small, I can barely dial mine."
Not Jitterbug®, it features a larger keypad for easier dialing. It even has an oversized display so you can actually see it.

"I had to get my son to program it."
Your Jitterbug set-up process is simple. We'll even pre-program it with your favorite numbers.

"I tried my sister's cell phone… I couldn't hear it."
Jitterbug is designed with an improved speaker. There's an adjustable volume control, and Jitterbug is hearing-aid compatible.

Available in Blue (shown) Red and White.

Why pay for minutes you'll never use!

	Basic 14	Basic 19
Monthly Minutes	50	was 100 NOW 200
Monthly Rate	$14.99	$19.99
Operator Assistance	24/7	24/7
911 Access	FREE	FREE
Long Distance Calls	No add'l charge	No add'l charge
Voice Dial	FREE	FREE
Nationwide Coverage	YES	YES
Friendly Return Policy[1]	30 days	30 days

More minute plans available.
Ask your Jitterbug expert for details.

Order now and receive a **FREE Car Charger** for your Jitterbug – a $24.99 value. Call now!

Enough talk. Isn't it time you found out more about the cell phone that's changing all the rules? Call now, Jitterbug product experts are standing by.

jitterbug5 firstSTREET for Boomers and Beyond 1599 Rollin Mill Road Colonial Heights, VA 23834

NEW Jitterbug5 Cell Phone

Call toll free today to get your own Jitterbug5 phone.
Please mention promotional code 49075.

1-877-566-0354
www.jitterbugdirect.com

47619

IMPORTANT CONSUMER INFORMATION: Jitterbug is owned by GreatCall, Inc. Your invoices will come from GreatCall. All rate plans and services require the purchase of a Jitterbug phone and a one-time set up fee of $35. Coverage and service is not avaiable everywhere. Other charges and restrictions may apply. Screen images simulated. There are no additional fees to call Jitterbug's 24-hour U.S. Based Customer Service. However, for calls to an Operator in which a service is completed, minutes will be deducted from your monthly balance equal to the length of the call and any call connected by the Operator, plus an additional 5 minutes. Monthly minutes carry over and are available for 60 days. If you exceed the minute balance on your account, you will be billed at 35¢ for each minute used over the balance. Monthly rate plans do not include government taxes or assessment surcharges. Prices and fees subject to change. We will refund the full price of the GreatCall phone and the activation fee (or set-up fee) if it is returned within 30 days of purchase in like-new condition. We will also refund your first monthly service charge if you have less than 30 minutes of usage. If you have more than 30 minutes of usage, a per minute charge of 35 cents will be deducted from your refund for each minute over 30 minutes. You will be charged a $10 restocking fee. The shipping charges are not refundable. Jitterbug and GreatCall are registered trademarks of GreatCall, Inc. Samsung is a registered trademark of Samsung Electronics Co., Ltd. ©2015 Samsung Telecommunications America, LLC. ©2015 GreatCall, Inc. ©2015 *first*STREET for Boomers and Beyond, Inc.

IN CASE YOU MISSED IT ON

Rd.com

MOST RETWEETS ON TWITTER

CLEANING

There's a Right Way to Do Laundry—Really

We found seven common slipups that can cause damage to fabrics, fit, and more.

WELLNESS

9 Everyday Items Dirtier than a Toilet Seat

Surprise: One of them is your carpet! About 200,000 bacteria live in each square inch, which is nearly 700 times more than what's on the average commode. Try deep-cleaning once a year to get where the vacuum can't.

RECIPES

Pretty, Healthy Mason Jar Salads

Prevent a limp lunch by layering fresh ingredients in a jar—dressing first. Blogger Heather Crosby, author of the book *YumUniverse* (BenBella Books), offers tasty variations, including Harvest Sweet Potato, Kale & Quinoa Salad (center).

MOST POPULAR ON FACEBOOK

CONDITIONS

10 Silent Signs of Diabetes

New research indicates a shocking 25 percent of people with diabetes don't know they have it. If you experience some of the more subtle clues (thirstier than usual, extra bathroom breaks, weight loss, blurry vision, and others), talk to your MD.

QUOTABLE QUOTES

Top Life Advice from 10 of the Greatest Wits

"Don't let the fear of striking out hold you back."

BABE RUTH

READ UP AT RD.COM/APRIL

FROM TOP LEFT: ISTOCK/THINKSTOCK. PETER DAZELEY/GETTY IMAGES. COURTESY HEATHER CROSBY

IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR

Word Power

This year marks the 150th anniversary of Lewis Carroll's* Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. *Carroll (aka Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) invented words like* boojum *and* jabberwocky, *and his works abound with more terms worth knowing. In celebration of* Alice, *here's a sampling. Answers, next page.

BY EMILY COX & HENRY RATHVON

1. hookah ('hu-kuh) *n.*—A: staff of a shepherdess. B: chess queen's crown. C: smoking pipe.

2. platitudes ('pla-tih-tewds) *n.*—A: trite sayings. B: temperate climates. C: heaping servings.

3. welter ('wel-tur) *v.*—A: toss among waves. B: droop in the sun. C: shrink in size.

4. lory ('lor-ee) *n.*—A: tall tale. B: type of parrot. C: atmospheric phenomenon, as the northern lights.

5. impertinent (im-'pur-tuh-nunt) *adj.*—A: late for a meeting. B: talking rapidly. C: rude.

6. languid ('lan-gwed) *adj.*—A: speaking fluently. B: sluggish or weak. C: slightly tilted.

7. ungainly (un-'gayn-lee) *adj.*—A: not attractive. B: clumsy or awkward. C: sickly thin.

8. livery ('lih-vuh-ree) *n.*—A: model boat. B: uniform. C: long, boring speech.

9. antipathies (an-'tih-puh-thees) *n.*—A: miracle cures. B: sudden storms, usually in the tropics. C: feelings of dislike.

10. will-o'-the-wisp (will-uh-thuh-'wisp) *n.*—A: fast speaker. B: rare plant. C: misleading goal or hope.

11. sally ('sa-lee) *n.*—A: female rabbit. B: white smock or robe. C: witty remark.

12. griffin ('grih-fun) *n.*—A: monster with wings. B: horn. C: cranky man.

13. cravat (kruh-'vat) *n.*—A: game similar to croquet. B: scarf-like necktie. C: two-person rowboat.

14. hansom ('hant-sum) *n.*—A: horse-drawn carriage. B: knight or nobility. C: chimney flue.

15. sagaciously (suh-'gay-shus-lee) *adv.*—A: wisely. B: dimly or foolishly. C: ambitiously.

☞ ***To play an interactive version of Word Power on your iPad, download the* Reader's Digest *app.***

Answers

1. hookah—*[C]* smoking pipe. Gerry found a shop downtown that offers supplies for his antique *hookah*.

2. platitudes—*[A]* trite sayings. Our coach offered a dozen peppy *platitudes* like "No pain, no gain."

3. welter—*[A]* toss among waves. Heading for shore, Karyn stayed focused on the buoy *weltering* in the distance.

4. lory—*[B]* type of parrot. Mitch set off for Australia to study and photograph the *lory* in the wild.

5. impertinent—*[C]* rude. "Would it be too *impertinent* to point out that I can hear you snoring six rows back?"

6. languid—*[B]* sluggish or weak. By three in the afternoon, I am too *languid* to think about anything but coffee and a couch.

7. ungainly—*[B]* clumsy or awkward. Is it me, or is he the most *ungainly* mime you've ever seen?

8. livery—*[B]* uniform. The butler's rumpled *livery* made him a prime suspect in the disappearance of our dinner host.

9. antipathies—*[C]* feelings of dislike. I'd say there were some mild *antipathies* between the two speakers at the city hall meeting.

10. will-o'-the-wisp—*[C]* misleading goal or hope. You might follow

the *will-o'-the-wisp* of bipartisanship regarding the new law, but you'd be foolish.

11. **sally**—*[C]* witty remark. Aside from the occasional *sally,* the sportscasters had little to offer.

A PUZZLE FROM WONDERLAND

Here is one of Lewis Carroll's small riddles in rhyme. Can you solve it?

Dreaming of apples on a wall,
And dreaming often, dear,
I dreamed that, if I counted all,
How many would appear?

Answer: Ten would appear, as he is dreaming "[of ten], dear."

12. **griffin**—*[A]* monster with wings. Felix was fascinated by the illustrations of the *griffin* in his mythology book.

13. **cravat**—*[B]* scarf-like necktie. I'm going to the party as James Bond—would he wear a *cravat*?

14. **hansom**—*[A]* horse-drawn carriage. The producer of *Cinderella* was troubled by the plan to transform the *hansom* into a pumpkin onstage.

15. **sagaciously**—*[A]* wisely. The critic *sagaciously* pointed out the logic holes in Tara's dense first novel.

VOCABULARY RATINGS
9 & below: In a hole **10–12:** Quick-witted
13–15: Wonderful

Reader's digest

Liz Vaccariello **Editor-in-Chief** | **Chief Content Officer**

Design Director Dean Abatemarco
Executive Editors Barbara O'Dair, Courtenay Smith
Managing Director, Content Operations Kerrie Keegan

Health Director Lauren Gelman
Features Editors Daryl Chen, Beth Dreher, Andy Simmons (Humor)

Deputy Managing Editor Paul Silverman
Senior Copy Editor Sarah Wharton
Copy Editor Sarah Chassé
Research Manager Francis K. Lostys
Assistant Research Editor Alyssa Jung
Director, Magazine Rights Tara Zades
Magazine Rights Assistant Katie Askew
Head Librarian Ann DiCesare

Art Director Marti Golon
Senior Designer Gloria Tebelman
Art Assistant Emma Kapotes
Photo Director Rebecca Simpson Steele
Photo Assistant Ali Blumenthal
Digital Production Director Jeff Nesmith
Production Manager Jennifer Klein
Production Assistant Rebecca Reno

Executive Assistant to the Editor-in-Chief Adrienne Farr
Assistant Editor Brandon Specktor
Editorial Assistants Meera Jagannathan, Elizabeth Kelly, Kelsey Kloss, Taylor Shea
Contributing Editors Derek Burnett, Michelle Crouch, Glenn Glasser, Vicki Glembocki, Melissa Fay Greene, Joel K. Kahn, MD, Stephen Madden, Kenneth Miller, Brian Mockenhaupt, Lenore Skenazy, B. J. Summers

Rich Sutton **Chief Revenue Officer**

Publisher Mark Bernardini
Advertising Services Director Kristine Wimmerstedt Bihm
Advertising Sales **New York** Joanne Parlamis, Tara Primiano **Atlanta** Melissa Evertsen **Chicago** Nora Healy **Dallas** Heather Young **Los Angeles** Erin Foy-Vian
Director of Programmatic Sales and Strategy, N.A. Eric Silverstein

Marketing Ellie Nowak (Director), Robert Kline, Alyssa Kopelman, Risa Miller, Kristin Schuck, Darya Schwartz
Public Relations Manager Paulette Cohen
Retail Sales The Media Source
Production Director Patricia Nolan
Advertising Production Manager Leslie Kogan

THE READER'S DIGEST ASSOCIATION, INC.
Bonnie Kintzer **President and Chief Executive Officer**
Colette Chestnut **Chief Financial Officer**
Founders: DeWitt Wallace, 1889–1981; Lila Acheson Wallace, 1889–1984

Howard Halligan **VP, Chief Operating Officer, North America**

Divisional President and VP, Enthusiast Brands, Trade, Retail, and Studio Fun Harold Clarke
Chief Marketing Officer Leslie Dukker Doty
VP, Brand Marketing Beth Gorry
VP, Content Marketing and Operations Diane Dragan

SVP, Global Human Resources & Communications Phyllis E. Gebhardt, SPHR
VP, Global Communications Susan Fraysse Russ
VP, Chief Technology Officer Aneel Tejwaney
VP, Consumer Marketing Planning Jim Woods

Braille and audio editions of *Reader's Digest* are available from the American Printing House for the Blind (aph.org/products/magsubsc.htm). A *Reader's Digest* Large Print edition is available at rd.com/save or by writing to: Reader's Digest Large Print, PO Box 6097, Harlan, Iowa 51593-1597. For information about our digital editions, go to rd.com/digitaleditions.

Humor in Uniform

I WAS WORKING in Army security when a VIP from another base called to ask to whom he should address an important letter. Knowing my tough-to-spell last name would give him fits, I said, "Just put down Sergeant Gary, as my last name is too hard."

The next day, I received a letter addressed to Sgt. Gary Toohard.

G. C., *via mail*

MY FRIEND, an Air Force officer, was riding his scooter when he passed an airman who didn't salute. My friend stopped, turned around, and glared at the airman.

"Thanks for coming back for me," the airman said, jumping on the back of the scooter. "Airmen's mess, sir."

SAVITA SINGH, *Noida, India*

SOMETIMES I THINK war is God's way of teaching us geography.

Comedian **PAUL RODRIGUEZ**

Got a funny military anecdote? Double-time it over to us—it might be worth $100! See page 7 or rd.com/submit for details.

ILLUSTRATION BY JON CARTER

Quotable Quotes

THE BEST WAY TO BE MISSED WHEN YOU'RE GONE IS TO STAND FOR SOMETHING WHEN YOU'RE HERE.
SETH GODIN, *author*

Nobody looks crazy when they're having fun.
AMY POEHLER

THE DAY THE LORD CREATED HOPE WAS PROBABLY THE SAME DAY HE CREATED SPRING. BERN WILLIAMS, *philosopher*

Until I feared I would lose it, I never loved to read. One does not love breathing.
HARPER LEE

If you are not yelling at your kids, you are not spending enough time with them. REESE WITHERSPOON

If you really want to do something, you'll find a way. If you don't, you'll find an excuse. JIM ROHN, *motivational speaker*

CHOP YOUR OWN WOOD, AND IT WILL WARM YOU TWICE. HENRY FORD

FROM TOP: ESTHER HORVATH/GETTY IMAGES; RAY TAMARRA/GETTY IMAGES. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS/SCIENCE FACTION/GETTY IMAGES

Reader's Digest (ISSN 0034-0375) (USPS 865-820), (CPM Agreement# 40031457), Vol. 185, No. 1109, April 2015. © 2015. Published monthly, except bimonthly in July/August and December/January (subject to change without notice), by The Reader's Digest Association, Inc., 44 South Broadway, White Plains, New York 10601. Periodicals postage paid at White Plains, New York, and at additional mailing offices. **POSTMASTER:** Send address changes to Reader's Digest, PO Box 6095, Harlan, Iowa 51593-1595. Send undeliverable Canadian addresses to ca.postal.affairs@rd.com. All rights reserved. Unauthorized reproduction, in any manner, is prohibited. Reader's Digest, The Digest, and the Pegasus logo are registered trademarks of The Reader's Digest Association, Inc. Marca Registrada. Printed in U.S.A. You may cancel your subscription at any time and receive a refund for copies not previously addressed. Your subscription will expire with the issue identified above your name on the address label. **SUBSCRIBERS:** If the Post Office alerts us that your magazine is undeliverable, we have no further obligation unless we receive a corrected address within one year. A special *Reader's Digest* Large Print with selected articles from *Reader's Digest* is published by The Reader's Digest Association, Inc. For details, write: Reader's Digest Large Print, PO Box 6097, Harlan, Iowa 51593-1597. **CONSUMER INFORMATION:** Reader's Digest may share information about you with reputable companies in order for them to offer you products and services of interest to you. If you would rather we not share information, please write to Reader's Digest Customer Care, PO Box 6095, Harlan, Iowa 51593-1595.

NOW WITH FIBER

Stay Strong, Stay Active with BOOST®

BOOST® nutritional drinks come in a variety of delicious flavors, and provide great nutrition for you and the ones you love. BOOST® complete nutritional drink contains essential nutrients including calcium & vitamin D to support strong bones and protein to help maintain muscle.

All trademarks are owned by Société des Produits Nestlé S.A., Vevey, Switzerland. © 2014 Nestlé.

BOOST
Complete Nutritional Drink

Find BOOST® in the Nutrition Aisle.

PLAYING WITH YOUR HEAD IN THE CLOUDS IS BETTER ON THE BEACH.

Find your island

SURROUND YOURSELF WITH THE THINGS
THAT MATTER MOST.

Find your island and find yourself getting carried away. Find a playground covered in soft white sand blanketed with endless stretches of seashells. Find the perfect place to slow down growing up. Find your island at FortMyers-Sanibel.com and call 888-231-0325 for a free Lonely Planet guidebook.

THE BEACHES OF
FORT MYERS
AND SANIBEL
FORTMYERS-SANIBEL.COM